Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 40.

Things Theatrical.

THE PARK.—Such have been the crowds to hear MADAME CARADORI in the three first Operas of the season, that the public would have been quite content, we believe, had the management not added the favorite old Opera of Cinderella, and thus affording this charming lady another opportunity of evidencing her consummate knowledge of her profession Fairy-like as the music of this Opera is to all, we question if it have been listened to since its introduction on our stage, with more eagerness and pleasure than on Wednesday evening. Until its announcement no one anticipated hearing it during this engagement, and thus the lovers of its sweet music were doubly enchanted on the occasion.

Madame Caradori has now become familiar with her audience, and it is delightful to see reflected from her intelligent countenance the gratification she enjoys at being able to afford so much delicious pleasure to her thousand admirers. Although we shall regret the close of her engagement just as we have began to appreciate how inimitable are her musical powers, still it would be too selfish not to desire that our sister cities may have an opportunity to listen to her, and learn, as we have learned, the purity and sweetness of the Italian style in all its perfection. What a welcome we shall give her on her return, and how solicitous her friends will be for its speedy occurrence, we need not say. She seems beloved by all, and the private circles, no less than the community generally, are loud in their praises of all those qualities that constitute female loveliness and high breeding.

THE NATIONAL.—Since the appearance of the Giant and Major Stevens at this theatre, we hear it is getting on swimmingly. A friend of ours, who, at our request, sometimes visits that house for the purpose of witnessing those performances which we may be expected to notice, having received extraordinarily uncourteous treatment from the person at the box office while paying for his ticket, as usual, we are disinclined to subject another to the unpleasantness of a similar occurrence, not to say injustice and impertinence.

☞ We learn that Mr. WILLIS has finished his comedy for Miss CLIFTON, and that it is now in her hands. Surely Mr. W. has more literary enterprise than any native author of the present day, and if he have written a good comedy since the production of his tragedy some three moons since, he must be reckoned the most gifted. We indulged, as we always have done, the highest expectations from Mr. W's abilities, and even now when he has subjected his talents to the severest ordeal it is possible for him to do, we still have confidence of his success.

☞ Thousands will be happy to learn that we are shortly to have some dancing at our theatres. The divine AUGUSTA is in town, but it is understood that she has entered into arrangements with the *National*, and that the Park management have another artiste to supply her place. Report says she is fairer than her fair rival, if that be possible, and dances as gracefully.

Franklin Theatre.—This little house has been *transmogrified* with a vengeance! New paintings and decorations, new curtains, one of the handsomest cut-glass chandeliers in town, an enlarged stage, and a very efficient company, strengthened by the addition of STANLEY and GANN, from the National, are *among* the improvements which it has undergone. It opened on Monday evening, under the management of Mr. EARLE, with the *Soldier's Daughter*, *How to Pay your Note*, and *The Snow Fiend.* Excepting some little difficulties, consequent upon opening in haste, the pieces were well acted; and we cannot omit to notice particularly Stanley's efforts, and his comic singing. His talent, "from some cause unknown," was tucked under a bushel at the National, but he made more than a favorable impression on this occasion.

FORREST is performing at Boston. He played both *William Tell* and *Metamora* for his benefit on the 10th inst. It was the closing performance of a very successful engagement. ELLEN TREE succeeds him, and during her stay Mr. Sargent's new tragedy of "Velasco" will be brought out—Miss Tree, of course, sustaining the principal character. The Boston critics assert that the piece is replete with passages of high dramatic excellence, and predict for it a decidedly successful career.

Mrs. CONDUIT is at New Orleans, where, with Mr. PICKERING, and severa other meritorious members of the profession, she appears to enjoy a considerable share of the public favor. Miss HANKER, too, must not be passed by unnamed; she is said to improve nightly, and her graceful movements in the dance have created quite a sensation at New Orleans. The editors are particularly anxious to ascertain the country of her birth! expressing a fervent hope that she may prove an American.

The theatre in Coates-street, Philadelphia, is about to be opened by a German company of comedians. Mr. BROUGH has been delighting the frequenters of the Chesnut-street theatre, and took a benefit there on the night of the 14th, on which occasion he was assisted by Mr. HORN and Miss HORTON.

Baltimore has been recently enlivened by the concerts of Mrs. WATSON and Signor GAMBATI.

GATES has been playing a short engagement at Albany, and took his benefit, and made his last appearance there, on the 10th.

PRIZE TRAGEDY.—A correspondent who writes us from Washington, complains, and with apparent justice, too, of the manner in which a tragedy submitted for the Wallack prize of $1000 was handled. It appears from his statement that his production was duly submitted, by leaving it in the hands of the individual designated by Mr. Wallack; that after waiting many months beyond the period fixed upon for the award of the prize, he made application in the proper quarter for his tragedy; that he was unable to obtain it, it having been temporarily mislaid, but he had the satisfaction of learning by return of mail that "the dramas submitted to Mr. Wallack did not meet his views." A similar announcement was made to the public in a manner not altogether agreeable to the feelings of the rival dramatists. Our correspondent persevered in his endeavors to regain possession of his own tragedy, and at last succeeded. And in what state do our readers imagine that he found his manuscript?—Disfigured and torn, and scarcely legible after the repeated perusals of the "committee of literary gentlemen?" By no manner of means. The packet was found among others of "the rejected," in precisely the same state in which it had been handed in, even the seal unbroken; and this, notwithstanding the previous announcement of its submission to "the committee of literary gentlemen." Our correspondent thinks Mr. Wallack a most discriminating critic indeed, thus to have been able to discover through the thick folds of his envelope that the tragedy snugly enclosed within "would not meet his views." Mr. W. is probably a disciple of that school of philosophy that reads your character in your chirography, as clearly as Lavater would in your face. The style of superscription may not have been to his taste,—the "pot-hooks and trammels," likely enough, were wretchedly ill done, and he had compassion on the "committee of literary gentlemen." Our correspondent, however, does not suggest this explanation, but one to quite another tune, not less flattering than our own to Mr. W.'s *sagacity*, if a little so to his *honesty*.

If there were any great number of the *rejected* aspirants in the situation of our correspondent, we should attribute the misplacing of the manuscripts at once to the account of Mr. Wallack's benevolence to the "committee of literary gentlemen;" and these last should consider themselves devilish well off, even if they yet have to pay the $1000 prize out of their own pockets, when they reflect that they have, by Mr. Wallack's good management, escaped from reading an indefinite number of "manuscript tragedies!"

But seriously, our correspondent feels agrieved, and is determined that the matter shall not sleep. The best revenge he can take would be to have his tragedy brought out by some other gentlemen as capable of doing it justice, and let its success shame the impudence which offered a premium which it never intended to bestow.

FULL REPORT OF THE
FIRST MEETING OF THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION,
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

We have made the most unparalleled and extraordinary exertions to place before our readers a complete and accurate account of the proceedings at the late grand meeting of the Mudfog Association, holden in the town of Mudfog; it affords us great happiness to lay the result before them, in the shape of various communications received from our able, talented, and graphic correspondent, expressly sent down for the purpose, who has immortalized us, himself, Mudfog, and the association, all at one and the same time. We have been, indeed, for some days unable to determine who will transmit the greatest name to posterity: ourselves, who sent our correspondent down,—our correspondent, who wrote an account of the matter, or the association, who gave our correspondent something to write about. We rather incline to the opinion that we are the greatest man of the party, inasmuch as the notion of an exclusive and authentic report originated with us; this may be prejudice—it may arise from a prepossession on our part in our own favor. Be it so. We have no doubt that every gentleman concerned in this mighty assemblage is troubled with the same complaint in a greater or less degree; and it is a consolation to us to know that we have at least this feeling in common with the great scientific stars, the brilliant and extraordinary luminaries, whose speculations we record.

We give our correspondent's letters in the order in which they reached us. Any attempt at amalgamating them into one beautiful whole, would only destroy that glowing tone, that dash of wildness, and rich vein of picturesque interest which pervade them throughout.

"*Mudfog, Monday night, seven o'clock.*

"We are in a state of great excitement here. Nothing is spoken of but the approaching meeting of the association. The inn-doors are thronged with waiters anxiously looking for the expected arrivals; and the numerous bills which are wafered up in the windows of private houses, intimating that there are beds to let within, give the streets a very animated and cheerful appearance, the wafers being of a great varity of colors, and the monotony of printed inscriptions being relieved by every possible size and style of hand-writing. It is confidently rumored that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy have engaged three beds and a sitting-room at the Pig and Tinder-box. I give you the rumor as it has reached me; but I cannot as yet vouch for its accuracy. The moment I have been enabled to obtain any certain information upon this interesting point, you may depend upon receiving it."

"*Half-past seven.*

"I have just returned from a personal interview with the landlord of the Pig and Tinder-box. He speaks confidently of the probability of Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy taking up their residence at his house during the sitting of the association, but denies that the beds have been yet engaged; in which representation he is confirmed by the chambermaid,—a girl of artless manners and interesting appearance. The boots denies that it is at all likely that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy will put up here; but I have reason to believe that this man has been suborned by the proprietor of the Original Pig, which is the opposition hotel. Amidst such conflicting testimony it is difficult to arrive at the whole truth; but you may depend upon receiving authentic information upon this point the moment the fact is ascertained. The excitement still continues. A boy fell through the window of the pastrycook's shop at the corner of the High-street about half an hour ago, which has occasioned much confusion. The general impression is that it was an accident. Pray Heaven it may prove so!"

"*Tuesday, noon.*

"At an early hour this morning the bells of all the churches struck seven o'clock; the effect of which in the present lively state of the town was extremely singular. While I was at breakfast, a yellow gig, drawn by a dark grey horse, with a patch of white over his right eyelid, proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction of the Original Pig stables; it is currently reported that this gentleman has arrived here for the purpose of attending the association, and from what I have heard, I consider it extremely probable, although nothing decisive is yet known regarding him. You may conceive the anxiety with which we are all looking forward to the arrival of the four o'clock coach this afternoon.

"Notwithstanding the excited state of the populace, no outrage has yet been committed, owing to the admirable discipline and discretion of the police, who are nowhere to be seen. A barrel-organ is playing opposite my window, and groups of people, offering fish and vegetables for sale, parade the streets. With these exceptions, everything is quiet, and I trust will continue so."

"*Five o'clock.*

"It is now ascertained beyond all doubt that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy will *not* repair to the Pig and Tinder-box, but have actually engaged apartments at the Original Pig. This intelligence is *exclusive*; and I leave you and your readers to draw their own inferences from it. Why Professor Wheezy, of all people in the world, should repair to the Original Pig in preference to the Pig and Tinder-box, it is not easy to conceive. The Professor is a man who should be above all such petty feelings. Some people here openly impute treachery and a distinct breach of faith to Professors Snore and Doze; while others again are disposed to acquit them of any culpability in the transaction, and to insinuate that the blame rests solely with Professor Wheezy. I own that I incline to the latter opinion; and although it gives me great pain to speak in terms of censure or disapprobation of a man of such transcendent genius and acquirements, still I am bound to say, that if my suspicions be well founded, and if all the reports which have reached my ears be true, I really do not well know what to make of the matter.

"Mr. Slug, so celebrated for his statistical researches, arrived this afternoon by the four o'clock stage. His complexion is a dark purple, and he has a habit of sighing constantly. He looked extremely well, and appeared in high health and spirits. Mr. Woodensconse also came down in the same conveyance. The distinguished gentleman was fast asleep on his arrival, and I am informed by the guard that he had been so the whole way. He was no doubt preparing for his approaching fatigues; but what gigantic visions must those be that flit through the brain of such a man when his body is in a state of torpidity!

"The influx of visitors increases every moment. I am told (I know not how truly) that two post-chaises have arrived at the Original Pig within the last half hour; and I myself observed a wheelbarrow, containing three carpet-bags and a bundle, entering the yard of the Pig and Tinder-box no longer ago than five minutes since. The people are still quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations; but there is a wildness in their eyes, and an unwonted rigidity in the muscles of their countenances, which shows to the observant spectator that their expectations are strained to the very utmost pitch. I fear, unless some very extraordinary arrivals take place to-night, that consequences may arise from this popular ferment, which every man of sense and feeling would deplore."

"*Twenty minutes past six.*

"I have just heard that the boy who fell through the pastrycook's window last night has died of the fright. He was suddenly called upon to pay three and sixpence for the damage done, and his constitution it seems was not strong enough to bear up against the shock. The inquest it is said will be held to-morrow."

"*Three-qarters past seven.*

"Professors Muff and Nogo have just driven up to the hotel door; they at once ordered dinner with great condescension. We are all very much delighted with the urbanity of their manners, and the ease with which they adapt themselves to the forms and ceremonies of ordinary life. Immediately on their arrival they sent for the head-waiter, and privately requested him to purchase a live dog,—as cheap a one as he could meet with,—and to send him up after dinner, with a pie-board, a knife, and fork, and a clean plate. It is conjectured that some experiments will be tried upon the dog to-night; if any particulars should transpire, I will forward them by express."

"*Half-past eight.*

"The animal has been procured. He is a pug-dog, of rather intelligent appearance, in good condition, with very short legs. He has been tied to a curtain-peg in a dark room, and is howling dreadfully."

"*Ten minutes to nine.*

"The dog has just been rung for. With an instinct which would appear almost the result of reason, the sagacious animal seized the waiter by the calf of the leg when he approached to take him, and made a desperate though ineffectual resistance. I have not been able to procure admission into the apartment occupied by the scientific gentlemen; but, judging from the sounds which reached my ears when I stood upon the landing-place outside the door just now, I should be disposed to say that the dog had retreated growling beneath some article of furniture, and was keeping the Professors at bay. This conjecture is confirmed by the testimony of the ostler, who after peeping through the keyhole, assures me that he distinctly saw Professor Nogo on his knees, holding forth a small bottle of prussic acid, to which the animal, who was crouched beneath an arm-chair, obstinately declined to smell. You cannot imagine the feverish state of irritation we are in, lest the interests of science should be sacrificed to the prejudices of a brute creature, who is not endowed with sufficient sense to foresee the incalculable benefits which the whole human race may derive from so very slight a concession on his part."

"*Nine o'clock.*

"The dog's tail and ears have been sent down stairs to be washed; from which circumstance we infer that the animal is no more. His forelegs have been delivered to the boots to be brushed, which strengthens the supposition."

"*Half after ten.*

"My feelings are so overpowered by what has taken place in the course of the last hour and a half, that I have scarcely strength to detail the rapid succession of events which have quite bewildered all those who are cognizant of their occurrence. It appears that the pug-dog mentioned in my last was surreptitiously obtained,—stolen, in fact,—by some person attached to the stable department, from an unmarried lady resident in this town. Frantic on discovering the loss of her favorite, the lady rushed distractedly into the street, calling in the most heart-rending and pathetic manner upon the passengers to restore her, her Augustus,—for so the deceased was named, in affectionate remembrance of a former lover of his mistress, to whom he bore a striking personal resemblance, which renders the circumstance additionally affecting. I am not yet in a condition to inform you what circumstances induced the bereaved lady to direct her steps to the hotel which had witnessed the last struggles of her *protegé*. I can only state that she arrived there at the very instant when his detached members were passing through the passage on a small tray. Her shrieks still reverberate in my ears! I grieve to say that the expressive features of Professor Muff were much scratched and lacerated by the injured lady; and that Professor Nogo, besides sustaining several severe bites, has lost some handfuls of hair from the same cause. It must be some consolation to these gentlemen to know that their ardent attachment to scientific pursuits has alone occasioned these unpleasant consequences: for which the sympathy of a grateful country will sufficiently reward them. The unfortunate lady remains at the Pig and Tinder-box, and up to this time is reported in a very precarious state.

"I need scarcely tell you that this unlooked-for catastrophe has cast a damp and gloom upon us in the midst of our exhilaration; natural in any case, but greatly enhanced in this, by the amiable qualities of the deceased animal, who appears to have been much and deservedly respected by the whole of his acquaintance."

"*Twelve o'clock.*

"I take the last opportunity before sealing my parcel to inform you that the boy who fell through the pastrycook's window is not dead, as was universally believed, but alive and well. The report appears to have had its origin in his mysterious disappearance. He was found half an hour since on the premises of a sweet-stuff maker, where a raffle had been announced for a second-hand seal-skin cap and a tambourine; and where—a sufficient number of members not having been obtained at first—he had patiently waited until the list was completed. This fortunate discovery has in some degree restored our gaiety and cheerfulness. It is proposed to get up a subscription for him without delay.

"Everybody is nervously anxious to see what to-morrow will bring forth. If any should arrive in the course of the night, I have left strict directions to be called immediately. I should have sat up, indeed, but the agitating events of this day have been too much for me.

"No news yet of either of the professors Snore, Doze, or Wheezy. It is very strange!"

"*Wednesday afternoon.*

"All is now over; and upon one point at least I am at length enabled to set the minds of your readers at rest. The three Professors arrived at ten minutes after two o'clock, and instead of taking up their quarters at the Original Pig, as it was universally understood in the course of yesterday that they would assuredly have done, drove straight to the Pig and Tinder-box, where they threw off the mask at once, and openly announced their intention of remaining. Professor Wheezy *may* reconcile this very extraordinary conduct with *his* notions of fair and equitable dealing, but I would recommend Professor Wheezy to be cautious how he presumes too far upon his well-earned reputation. How such a man as Professor Snore, or which is still more extraordinary, such an individual as Professor Doze, can quietly allow himself to be mixed up with such proceedings as these, you will naturally inquire. Upon this head rumor is silent; I have my speculations, but forbear to give utterance to them just now."

"*Four o'clock.*

"The town is filling fast; eighteen pence has been offered for a bed, and refused. Several gentlemen were under the necessity last night of sleeping in the brick-fields, and on the steps of doors, for which they were taken before the magistrates in a body this morning, and committed to prison as vagrants for various terms. One of these persons I understand to be a highly respectable tinker, of great practical skill, who had forwarded a paper to the President of Section D. Mechanical Science, on the construction of pipkins with copper bottoms and safety valves, of which report speaks highly. The incarceration of this gentleman is greatly to be regretted, as his absence will preclude any discussion on the subject.

"The bills are being taken down in all directions, and lodgings are being secured on almost any terms. I have heard of fifteen shillings a week for two rooms, exclusive of coals and attendance, but I can scarcely believe it. The excitement is dreadful. I was informed this morning that the civil authorities, apprehensive of some outbreak of popular feeling, had commanded a recruiting sergeant and two corporals to be under arms; and that, with the view of not irritating the people unnecessarily by their presence, they had been requested to take up their position before daybreak in a turnpike, distant about a quarter of a mile from the town. The vigor and promptness of these measures cannot be too highly extolled.

"Intelligence has just been brought me that an elderly female, in a state of inebriety, has declared in the open street her intention to 'do' for Mr. Slug. Some statistical returns compiled by that gentleman, relative to the consumption of raw spirituous liquors in this place, are supposed to be the cause of the wretch's animosity. It is added, that this declaration was loudly cheered by a crowd of persons who had assembled on the spot; and that one man had the boldness to designate Mr. Slug aloud by the opprobrious epithet of 'Stick-in-the-mud!' It is earnestly to be hoped that now, when the moment has arrived for their interference, the magistrates will not shrink from the exercise of that power which is vested in them by the constitution of our common country."

"*Half-past ten.*

"The disturbance, I am happy to inform you, has been completely quelled, and the ringleader taken into custody. She had a pail of cold water thrown over her, previous to being locked up, and expresses great c ntrition and uneasiness. We are all in a fever of anticipation about to-morrow; but, now that we are within a few hours of the meeting of the association, and at last enjoy the proud consciousness of having its illustrious members amongst us, I trust and hope everything may go off peaceably. I shall send you a full report of to-morrow's proceedings by the night coach."

"*Eleven o'clock.*

"I open my letter to say that nothing whatever has occurred since I folded it up."

"*Thursday.*

"The sun rose this morning at the usual hour. I did not observe anything particular in the aspect of the glorious planet, except that he appeared to me (it might have been a delusion of my heightened fancy) to shine with more than common brilliancy, and to shed a refulgent lustre upon the town, such as I had never observed before. This is the more extraordinary, as the sky was perfectly cloudless, and the atmosphere peculiary fine. At half-past nine o'clock the general committee assembled, with the last year's president in the chair. The report of the council was read; and one passage, which stated that the council had corresponded with no less than three thousand five hundred and seventy-one persons, (all of whom paid their own postage,) on no fewer than seven thousand two hundred and forty-three topics, was received with a degree of enthusiasm which no efforts could suppress. The various committees and sections having been appointed, and the mere formal business transacted, the great proceedings of the meeting commenced at eleven o'clock precisely. I had the happiness of occupying a most eligible position at that time, in

"SECTION A.—ZOOLOGY AND BOTANY.

"GREAT ROOM, PIG AND TINDER-BOX.

"President—*Professor Snobb.* Vice-presidents—*Professors Doze and Wheezy.*

"The scene at this moment was particularly striking. The sun streamed through the windows of the apartments, and tinted the whole scene with its brilliant rays, bringing out in strong relief the noble visages of the professors and scientific gentlemen, who, some with bald heads, some with red heads, some with brown heads, some with grey heads, some with black heads, some with block heads, presented a *coup d'œil* which no eye-witness will readily forget. In front of these gentlemen were papers and inkstands; and round the room, on elevated benches extending as far as the forms could reach, were assembled a brilliant concourse of those lovely and elegant women for which Mudfog is justly acknowledged to be without a rival in the whole world. The contrast between their fair faces and the dark coats and trousers of the scientific gentlemen I shall never cease to remember while Memory holds her seat.

"Time having been allowed for a slight confusion, occasioned by the falling down of the greater part of the platforms, to subside, the president called on one of the secretaries to read a communication entitled, 'Some remarks on the illustrious fleas, with considerations on the importance of establishing infant schools among that numerous class of society; of directing their industry to useful and practical ends; and of applying the surplus fruits thereof, towards providing for them a comfortable and respectable maintenance in their old age.'

"The Author stated, that having long turned his attention to the moral and social condition of these interesting animals, he had been induced to visit an exhibition in Regent-street, London, commonly known by the designation of 'The Industrious Fleas.' He had there seen many fleas, occupied certainly in various pursuits and avocations, but occupied, he was bound to add, in a manner which no man of well regulated mind could fail to regard with sorrow and regret. One flea, reduced to the level of a beast of burden, was drawing about a miniature gig, containing a particularly small effigy of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; while another was staggering beneath the weight of a golden model of his great adversary Napoleon Bonaparte. Some, brought up as mountebanks and ballet-dancers, were performing a figure-dance (he regretted to observe, that, of the fleas so employed, several were females); others were in training, in a small card-board box, for pedestrians,—mere sporting characters—and two were actually engaged in the cold-blooded and barbarous occupation of duelling; a pursuit from which humanity recoiled with horror and disgust. He suggested that measures should be immediately taken to employ the labour of these fleas as part and parcel of the productive power of the country, which might easily be done by the establishment among them of infant schools and houses of industry, in which a system of virtuous education, based upon sound principles, should be observed, and moral precepts strictly inculcated. He proposed that every flea who presumed to exhibit, for hire, music or dancing, or any species of theatrical entertainment, without a licence, should be considered a vagabond, and treated accordingly; in which respect he only placed him upon a level with the rest of mankind. He would further suggest that their labour should be placed under the control and regulation of the state, who should set apart from the profits, a fund for the support of superannuated or disabled fleas, their widows and orphans. With this view, he proposed that liberal premiums should be offered for the three best designs for a general almshouse; from which—as insect architecture was well known to be in a very advanced and perfect state—we might possibly derive many valuable hints for the improvement of our metropolitan universities, national galleries, and other public edifices.

"*The President* wished to be informed how the ingenious gentleman proposed to open a communication with fleas generally, in the first instance, so that they might be thoroughly imbued with a sense of the advantages they must necessarily derive from changing their mode of life, and applying themselves to honest labour. This appeared to him, the only difficulty.

"The *Author* submitted that this difficulty was easily overcome, or rather that there was no difficulty at all in the case. Obviously the course to be pursued, if her Majesty's government could be prevailed upon to take up the plan, would be, to secure at a remunerative salary the individual to whom he had alluded as presiding over the exhibition in Regent-street at the period of his visit. That geneman would at once be able to put himself in communication with the mass of the fleas, and to instruct them in pursuance of some general plan of education, to be sanctioned by Parliament, until such time as the more intelligent among them were advanced enough to officiate as teachers to the rest.

"The President and several members of the section highly complimented the author of the paper last read, on his most ingenious and important treatise. It was determined that the subject should be recommended to the immediate considera- of the council.

"*Mr. Wigsby* produced a cauliflower somewhat larger than a chaise-umbrella, which had been raised by no other artificial means than the simple application of highly carbonated soda-water as manure. He explained that by scooping out the head, which would afford a new and delicious species of nourishment for the poor, a parachute, in principle something similar to that constructed by M. Garnerin, was at once obtained: the stalk of course being kept downwards. He added that he was perfectly willing to make a descent from a height of not less than three miles and a quarter; and had in fact already proposed the same to the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, who in the handsomest manner at once consented to his wishes, and appointed an early day next summer for the undertaking; merely stipulating that the rim of the cauliflower should be previously broken in three or four places to ensure the safety of the descent.

"*The President* congratulated the public on the *grand gala* in store for them, and warmly eulogised the proprietors of the establishment alluded to, for their love of science, and regard for the safety of human life, both of which did them the highest honour.

"A Member wished to know how many thousand additional lamps the royal property would be illuminated with, on the night after the descent.

"*Mr. Wigsby* replied that the point was not yet finally decided; but he believed it was proposed, over and above the ordinary illuminations, to exhibit in various devices eight millions and a half of additional lamps.

"The Member expressed himself much gratified with this announcement.

"*Mr. Blunderum* delighted the section with a most interesting and valuable paper 'on the last moment of the learned pig,' which produced a very strong impression upon the assembly, the account being compiled from the personal recollections of his favourite attendant. The account stated in the most emphatic terms that the animal's name was not Toby, but Solomon; and distinctly proved that he could have no near relatives in the profession, as many designing persons had falsely stated, inasmuch as his father, mother, brothers and sisters, had all fallen victims to the butcher at different times. An uncle of his, indeed, had with very great labour been traced to a sty in Somers Town; but as he was in a very infirm state at the time, being afflicted with measles, and shortly afterwards disappeared, there appeared too much reason to conjecture that he had been converted into sausages. The disorder of the learned pig was originally a severe cold, which, being aggravated by excessive trough indulgence, finally settled upon the lungs, and terminated in a general decay of the constitution. A melancholy instance of a presentiment entertained by the animal of his approaching dissolution, was recorded. After gratifying a numerous and fashionable company with his performances, in which no falling-off whatever, was visible, he fixed his eyes on the biographer, and, turning to the watch which lay on the floor, and on which he was accustomed to point out the hour, deliberately passed his snout twice round the dial. In precisely four-and-twenty hours from that time he had ceased to exist!

"*Professor Wheezy* inquired whether, previous to his demise, the animal had expressed, by signs or otherwise, any wishes regarding the disposal of his little property.

"*Mr. Blunderum* replied, that, when the biographer took up the pack of cards at the conclusion of the performance, the animal grunted several times in a significant manner, and nodded his head as he was accustomed to do, when gratified. From these gestures it was understood that he wished the attendant to keep the cards, which he had ever since done. He had not expressed any wish relative to his watch, which had accordingly been pawned by the same individual.

"The President wished to know whether any member of the section had ever seen or conversed with the pig-faced lady, who was reported to have worn a black velvet mask, and to have taken her meals from a golden trough.

"After some hesitation a Member replied that the pig-faced lady was his mother-in-law, and that he trusted the president would not violate the sanctity of private life.

"The President begged pardon. He had considered the pig-faced lady a public character. Would the honourable member object to state, with a view to the advancement of science, whether she was in any way connected with the learned pig?

"The Member replied in the same low tone, that, as the question appeared to involve a suspicion that the learned pig might be his half-brother, he must decline answering it.

"SECTION B.—ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

"COACH-HOUSE, PIG AND TINDER BOX.

"President—*Dr. Toorell.* Vice-Presidents—*Professors Muff and Nogo.*

"*Dr. Kutankumagen* (of Moscow) read to the section a report of a case which had occurred within his own practice, strikingly illustrative of the power of medicine, as exemplified in his successful treatment of a virulent disorder. He had been called in to visit the patient on the 1st of April 1837. He was then labouring under symptoms peculiarly alarming to any medical man. His frame was stout and muscular, his step firm and elastic, his cheeks plump and red, his voice loud, his appetite good, his pulse full and round. He was in the constant habit of eating three meals *per diem*, and of drinking at least one bottle of wine, and one glass of spirituous liquors diluted with water, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours. He laughed constantly, and in so hearty a manner that it was terrible to hear him. By dint of powerful medicine, low diet, and bleeding, the symptoms in the course of three days perceptibly decreased. A rigid perseverance in the same course of treatment for only one week, accompanied by small doses of water-gruel, weak broth, and barley-water, led to their entire disappearance. In the course of a month he was sufficiently recovered to be carried down stairs by two nurses, and to enjoy an airing in a close carriage, supported by soft pillows. At the present moment he was restored so far as to walk about, with the slight assistance of a crutch and a boy. It would perhaps be gratifying to the section to learn that he ate little, drank little, slept little, and was never heard to laugh by any accident whatever.

"*Dr. W. R. Fee*, in complimenting the honourable member upon the triumphant cure he had effected, begged to ask whether ths patient still bled freely?

"*Dr. Kutankumagen* replied in the affirmative.

Dr. W. R. Fee.—And you found that he bled freely during the whole course of the disorder?

"*Dr. Kutankumagen.*—Oh dear, yes; most freely.

Dr. Neeshawts supposed, that if the patient had not submitted to be bled with great readiness and perseverance, so extraordinary a cure could never, in fact, have been accomplished. Dr. Kutankumagen rejoined, certainly not.

Mr. Knight Bell (M.R.C.S.) exhibited a wax preparation of the interior of a gentleman who in early life had inadvertently swallowed a door-key. It was a curious fact that a medical student of dissipated habits, being present at the *post mortem* examination, found means to escape unobserved from the room, with that portion of the coats of the stomach upon which an exact model of the instrument was distinctly impressed, with which he hastened to a locksmith of a doubtful character, who made a new key from the pattern so shown to him. With this key the medical student entered the house of the deceased gentleman, and committed a burglary to a large amount, for which he was subsequently tried and executed.

"The President wished to know what became of the original key after the lapse of years. Mr. Knight Bell replied that the gentleman was always much accustomed to punch, and it was supposed the acid had gradually devoured it.

"*Dr. Neehawts* and several of the members were of opinion that the key must have lain very cold and heavy upon the gentleman's stomach.

"*Mr. Knight Bell* believed it did at first. It was worthy of remark, perhaps, that for some years the gentleman was troubled with a night-mare, under the influence of which, he always imagined himself a wine-cellar door.

"*Professor Muff* related a very extraordinary and convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of the system of infinitesimal doses, which the section were doubtless aware was based upon the theory that the very minutest amount of any given drug, properly dispersed through the human frame, would be productive of precisely the same result as a very large dose administered in the usual manner. Thus, the fortieth part of a grain of calomel was supposed to be equal to a five-grain calomel pill, and so on in proportion throughout the whole range of medicine. He had tried the experiment in a curious manner upon a publican who had been brought into the hospital with a broken head, and was cured upon the infinitesimal system in the incredibly short space of three months. This man was a hard drinker. He (Professor Muff) had dispersed three drops of rum through a bucket of water, and requested the man to drink the whole. What was the result? Before he had drunk a quart, he was in a state of beastly intoxication; and five other men were made dead-drunk with the remainder.

"The *President* wished to know whether an infinitesimal dose of soda-water would have recovered them? Professor Muff replied that the twenty-fifth part of a tea-spoonful, properly administered to each patient would have sobered him immediately. The President remarked that this was a most important discovery, and he hoped the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen would patronise it immediately.

"A Member begged to be informed whether it would be possible to administer—say, the twentieth part of a grain of bread and cheese to all grown-up paupers, and the fortieth part to children, with the same satisfying effect as the present allowance.

"*Professor Muff* was willing to stake his professional reputation on the perfect adequacy of such a quantity of food to the support of human life—in workhouses; the addition of the fifteenth part of a grain of pudding twice a week, would render it a high diet.

"*Professor Nogo* called the attention of the section to a very extraordinary case of animal magnetism. A private watchman being merely looked at by the operator from the opposite side of a wide street, was at once observed to be in a very drowsy and languid state. He was followed to his box, and being once slightly rubbed on the palm of the hands, fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued without intermission for ten hours.

"SECTION C.—STATISTICS.

"HAY-LOFT, ORIGINAL PIG.

"President—*Mr. Woodensconse.* Vice-Presidents—*Mr. Ledbrain and Mr. Timbered.*

"*Mr. Slug* stated to the section the result of some calculations he had made with great difficulty and labour, regarding the state of infant education among the middle classes of London. He found that, within a circle of three miles from the Elephant and Castle, the following were the names and numbers of children's books principally in circulation:—

"Jack the Giant-killer	7,943
Ditto and Bean-stalk	8,621
Ditto and Eleven Brothers	2,845
Ditto and Jill	1,998
Total	21,407

"He found that the proportion of Robinson Crusoes to Philip Quarlls was as four and a half to one; and that the preponderance of Valentine and Orsons over Goody Two Shoeses was as three and an eighth of the former to half a one of the latter: a comparison of Seven Champions with Simple Simons gave the same result. The ignorance that prevailed, was lamentable. One child, on being asked whether he would rather be Saint George of England or a respectable tallow-chandler, instantly replied, 'Taint George of Ingling.' Another, a little boy of eight years old, was found to be firmly impressed with a belief in the existence of dragons, and openly stated that it was his intention when he grew up, to rush forth sword in hand for the deliverance of captive princesses, and the promiscuous slaughter of giants. Not one child among the number interrogated had ever heard of Mungo Park,—some inquiring whether he was at all connected with the black man that swept the crossing; and others whether he was in any way related to the Regent's Park. They had not the slightest conception of the commonest principles of mathematics, and considered Sinbad the Sailor the most enterprising voyager the world had ever produced.

"A Member strongly deprecating the use of all the other books mentioned, suggested that Jack and Jill might perhaps be exempted from the general censure, inasmuch as the hero and heroine, in the very outset of the tale, were depicted as going *up* a hill to fetch a pail of water, which was a laborious and useful occupation,—supposing the family linen was being washed, for instance.

"*Mr. Slug* feared that the moral effect of this passage was more than counterbalanced by another in a subsequent part of the poem, in which a very gross allusion was made to the mode in which the heroine was personally chastised by her mother

"'For laughing at Jack's disaster;'

besides, the whole work had this one great fault, *it was not true.*

"The President complimented the honourable member on the excellent distinction he had drawn. Several other members, too, dwelt upon the immense and urgent necessity of storing the minds of children with nothing but facts and figures; which process the President very forcibly remarked, had made them (the section) the men they were.

"*Mr. Slug* then stated some curious calculations respecting the dogs'-meat barrows of London. He found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provision to the cats and dogs of the metropolis, was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of skewers delivered daily with the provender, by each dogs'-meat cart or barrow was thirty-six. Now, multiplying the number of skewers so delivered, by the number of barrows, a total of sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight daily would be obtained. Allowing that, of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat, by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually, were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London; which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war, for the use of her Majesty's navy to be called 'The Royal Skewer,' and to become the terror of all the enemies of this island.

"*Mr. X. Ledbrain* read a very ingenious communication, from which it appeared that the total number of legs belonging to the manufacturing population of one great town in Yorkshire was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool legs in their houses was only thirty thousand, which, upon the very favourable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all. From this calculation it would appear,—not taking wooden or cork legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person,—that ten thousand individuals (one-half of the whole population) were either destitute of any rest for their legs at all, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes.

"SECTION D.—MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

"COACH HOUSE, ORIGINAL PIG.

"President—*Mr. Carter.* Vice Presidents—*Mr. Truck* and *Mr. Waghorn.*

"*Professor Queerspeck* exhibited an elegant model of a portable railway, neatly mounted in a green case, for the waistcoat pocket. By attaching this beautiful instrument to his boots, any Bank or public-office clerk could transport himself from his place of residence to his place of business, at the easy rate of sixty-five miles an hour, which, to gentlemen of sedentary pursuits, would be an incalculable advantage.

"The *President* was desirous of knowing whether it was necessary to have a level surface on which the gentleman was to run.

"*Professor Queerspeck* explained that City gentlemen would run in trains, being handcuffed together to prevent confusion or unpleasantness. For instance, trains would start every morning at eight, nine, and ten o'clock, from Camden Town, Islington, Camberwell, Hackney, and various other places in which City gentlemen are accustomed to reside. It would be necessary to have a level, but he had provided for this difficulty by proposing that the best line that the circumstances would admit of, should be taken through the sewers which undermine the streets of the metropolis, and which, well lighted by jets from the gas-pipes which run immediately above them, would form a pleasant and commodious arcade, especially in winter-time, when the inconvenient custom of carrying umbrellas, now so general, could be dispensed with. In reply to another question, Professor Queerspeck stated that no substitute for the purposes to which these arcades were at present devoted had yet occurred to him, but that he hoped no fanciful objection on this head would be allowed to interfere with so great an undertaking.

Mr. Jobba produced a forcing-machine on a novel plan, for bringing joint-stock railway shares prematurely to a premium. The instrument was in the form of an elegant gilt weather-glass of most dazzling appearance, and was worked behind, by strings, after the manner of a pantomime trick, the strings being always pulled by the directors of the company to which the machine belonged. The quicksilver was so ingeniously placed, that when the acting directors held shares in their pockets, figures denoting very small expenses and very large returns appeared upon the glass; but the moment the directors parted with these pieces of paper, the estimate of needful expenditure suddenly increased itself to an immense extent, while the statements of certain profits became reduced in the same proportion. Mr. Jobba stated that the machine had been in constant requisition for some months past, and he had never once known it to fail.

"A Member expressed his opinion that it was extremely neat and pretty. He wished to know whether it was not liable to accidental derangement? Mr. Jobba said that the whole machine was undoubtedly liable to be blown up, but that was the only objection to it.

"*Professor Nogo* arrived from the anatomical section to exhibit a model of a safety fire-escape, which could be fixed at any time, in less than half an hour, and by means of which, the youngest or most infirm persons (successfully resisting the progress of the flames until it was quite ready) could be preserved if they merely balanced themselves for a few minutes on the sill of their bed-room window, and got into the escape without falling into the street. The Professor stated that the number of boys who had been rescued in the day-time by this machine from houses which were not on fire, was almost incredible. Not a conflagration had occurred in the whole of London for many months past to which the escape had not been carried on the very next day, and put in action before a concourse of persons.

"*The President* inquired whether there was not some difficulty in ascertaining which was the top of the machine, and which the bottom, in cases of pressing emergency?

"*Professor Nogo* explained that of course it could not be expected to act quite as well when there was a fire, as when there was not a fire; but in the former case he thought it would be of equal service whether the top were up or down."

With the last section, our correspondent concludes his most able and faithful Report, which will never cease to reflect credit upon him for his scientific attainments, and upon us for our enterprising spirit. It is needless to take a review of the subjects which have been discussed; of the mode in which they have been examined; of the great truths which they have elicited. They are now before the world, and we leave them to read, to consider, and to profit.

The place of meeting for next year has undergone discussion, and has at length been decided; regard being had to, and evidence being taken upon, the supply of its markets, the hospitality of its inhabitants, and the quality of its inhabitants, and the quality of its hotels. We hope at this next meeting our correspondent may again be present, and that we may be once more the means of placing his communications before the world. Until that period we have been prevailed upon to allow this number of our Miscellany to be retailed to the public or wholesaled to the trade, without any advance upon our usual prices.

We have only to add, that the committees are now broken up, and that Mudfog is once again restored to its accustomed tranquillity,—that Professors and Members have had balls, and *soirées*, and suppers, and great mutual complimentations, and have at length dispersed to their several homes,—whither all good wishes and joys attend them, until next year!

Signed Boz.

THE CACHUCHA AT RIO JANEIRO.

Little more than two months ago a marriage was much talked of in the upper circles of Rio Janeiro—that of Count Alphonso de Zumiga, a youth of 23, with the Marchioness d'Ossaro, a widow, who still retained some vestiges of departed beauty. The Marchioness's affection for the Count was generally acknowledged, but it was not less universally known that he sought but to secure her large fortune, and all his precautions had been unable to conceal his violent attachment to Riccardina Soares, a young and beautiful Portuguese dancer. On the 17th of July last a new opera, in which Riccardina was to dance the Cachucha, attracted an overflowing house. Riccardina appeared, and was received with tumultuous applause. The acclamations became louder still when, on concluding the Cachucha, she advanced, striking her castanet, towards the orchestra. But at the moment she saluted the admiring audience, poor Riccardina shrieked and fell backwards. She was carried off the stage in horrible convulsions and uttering fearful shrieks, and the curtain dropped. The report soon spread all over the house that aquafortis had been cast upon her, and that she was dreadfully burnt. The whole house were transported with rage. The instinct of the multitude pointed out the Marchioness d'Ossaro as the perpetrator of the deed. The crowd rushed to her box; it was deserted, but on the red velvet that ornamented some part of it yellowish stains were detected, denoting the action of a corrosive liquid. All doubt was now removed. The infuriated spectators devastated the box. The curtain rose—the manager came forward and confirmed the fatal news.—"Senora Riccardina," said he, "is in the most deplorable condition. Her arms, her face, and her bosom are fearfully burnt; it is to be feared she will be disfigured for life." The yells became tremendous; deafening shouts of "Revenge!" "Down with the wretch!" proceeded from all quarters. In the meantime a young man, who had precipitately left the theatre, entered the Marchioness's house, and was soon in her presence. Moved at his sudden appearance, but striving to dissemble her agitation—"Dear Alphonso," said she, "to what circumstance am I indebted for this happy visit?" The Count looked at her with fury, but could not utter a word. "You are unwell, Sir?" added the Marchioness. "And Riccardina Soares?" said he, gnashing his teeth. "Riccardina!" replied the Marchioness smiling; "Riccardina is a person of so much talent that the public can never admire her as much as she deserves." The Count after examining her for some seconds in silence, broke out with fearful violence. "How came those stains on your dress, Senora? Why is that gown burnt? In vain would you deny the crime—'tis you that have done the deed." "Well, then," returned the terrified Marchioness, "it is I; but if it be a crime, it is the crime of love," and extending her hands, she endeavored to appease him. The Count seized a cushion, and violently forced it over her face and head. As she struggled she upset a table, and the noise brought up her attendants. The Count rushed out, a doctor was called in, but the Marchioness had expired. On the same day the Count was seized and taken to prison. As for Riccardina Soares, slight hopes are entertained of her recovery. The corrosive liquid had attacked the jugular artery, and nothing could save her life but an operation of the most dangerous nature, which was about to be attempted.

JACK REEVE'S WAGGERY AT THE "WREKIN."

The adventure of Reeve and the Cornish Miner at the "Wrekin" is capitally told in the October number of Frazer's Magazine. To appreciate the following extract as it deserves, it is important that the reader should know that a rich Miner in Cornwall having occasion to wait upon Mr. Canning, when Prime Minister, on some matter connected with the working of mines in his native district, was favored on setting out for the capital with a letter of introduction to John Reeve, the Comedian. On arriving in London, the Miner's first business was to find out Reeve, who, after performing at the Adelphi, accompanied his new acquaintance to half the taverns in town, when, being rather obfuscated, they adjourned to finish the night at the "Wrekin," in Broad-court, Bow-street. The upshot will be gathered from what follows:—

The time had now arrived when the miner might, with some propriety, look for a little information at the hands of John. "Who are they all?" was his first comprehensive question.

"Can I trust you?" muttered John.

"Trust me! How? Why? What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, I mean if you tell it's—all Dickey—yes, you may look—all Dickey."

"What do you mean by Dickey?"

"Why, if I tell you, and you tell anybody else, and anybody else tells anybody that you told them, we shall be all scragged."

"Scragged?" asked the miner, with not the faintest perception of what scragged meant.

"Aye, scragged!" echoed John; "hung by the neck with the legs downwards. Pleasant, eh!—you may look."

The miner put but little faith in the alternative, and declared that his first question might be safely answered.

"Well, if you think so," said Jack, "listen!" and lifting his glass to his lips, he finished his "go" of brandy and water.

Reeve now continued in an under tone, a little inflated with pomposity. He was, in fact making a speech.

"Well, sir, after the cares of business—you may look, but I say great men—to relax from their arduous and anxious toils in the society of a few kindred spirits. Waiter, some more brandy—you may look—yes, kindred spirits. Now—draw your ear closer—you won't peach, eh?"

"Peach?" said the miner.

"Yes, you may look; but if you peach, it will be a neck-train."

And the miner did look, for he was at a nonplus as to apprehension.

"I mean tell, you know—tell, tell!"

"Oh, I won't tell," said the miner.

"Well, then, what was I saying? Let me see—yes—great men—kindred spirits—ah, I know—draw your ear closer—well, great men—aye, the greatest men in England—come here—after the toils of office—and—and—

But Jack feigned to be too big with his subject for utterance, and merely took another swallow of his "cold without."

"And—and what?" anxiously inquired Mr. Deepore, with a suspenseful gaze.

"What—ah, you may look," resumed Jack; "but—well, then, there are four Cabinet Ministers and three Members of Parliament in the room now!"

"The devil there be!" said the miner.

"Yes," said Jack, "you may look!" and his friend liberally availed himself of the permission.

"Then who's that?" he asked, singling out one of the guests.

"That—Mr. Hume."

"You doant say so! And who's that?"

"That's Huskisson."

"Be it really! And the gentleman with the bald head at the top of the table?"

"That's Canning."

"What, prime minister Canning?" gasped the miner.

"Yes, prime minister Canning! You may look."

Mr. Deepore was for a moment filled with amazement; but speedily, with the acute perception and peculiar shrewdness of his countrymen, he bethought himself of turning the incident to instant account. He remembered that his sole business in London was, if he could so manage it, to be with Mr. Canning on the subject of those mines of which he was captain and chief; and he justly appreciated the value of the coincidence which had brought him into free, unrestrained convivial collision with the great man himself on the very evening of his arrival. At once he communicated to his friend, John Reeve, his intention of taking advantage of the prime minister's good-natured movements, to press his suit; and that worthy having passed round the hint to a company, none of whom were ever slow in taking one, the miner began to explore, and commenced his first excavation into his subject.

He approached Mr. Canning (or rather the intelligent, bald-headed reporter, who was on that occasion his proto-type) with a Cornish bow, he begged him a thousand Cornish pardons, and "Could he speak to him alone?"

Certainly not—the minister had no secrets from the friends around him; and whatever Mr. Deepore had to say he might say aloud, without fear and without reserve.

So out spoke the miner. He broached his plans—he presented his petition—he eloquently pressed its prayer—he was encouraged by some lucid observations from Huskisson; and his first damper was from Mr. Hume, on the ground of expense. One or two of the members present spoke to the question. But on John Reeve's reminding them of his presence, by shouting, "Cut it, Canning—you may look!" the proxy prime minister brought the matter to a close.

"Mr. Deepore, when I first gave you permission to speak, I was not aware that you wished to address me upon a matter of business. As my friend Reeve says, you may look! But the fact is, we come here to escape from business altogether, and to have a little pleasure. I cannot, therefore, consent to any usurpation of conviviality here; you must drop the subject. You shall not, however, be forgotten. You have been introduced to me under the most favorable auspices, by a gentleman remarkable for gravity, sobriety, and judgment, in the selection of his friends. I will give you a card. Here; I have written upon it, 'Admit the bearer instantly. G. C.' Call upon me at two o'clock to-morrow in Downing street, and if the clerks make any ceremony in admitting you, shew them this. Tell them it was given you last night by Mr. Canning at the Wrekin in Broad-court, and you'll be ushered in directly. But don't show the card unless you find a necessity. And now, gentlemen, as two of our lamps are out and the other is upon its last legs, I beg to knock Mr. Reeve down for a song." There was a shout of approval.

It has since been supposed that Reeve was inebriated; for he exclaimed, "Well, as you've knocked me down, I'll put your last lamp out. You may look—but hear."

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

It's the last lamp on the table,
Left blazing alone;
All its oily companions
Is burnt out and gone.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To go out in smoke;
Since the rest are in darkness,
Why, you shall be broke."

Wherewith Jack finished his "cold without," and aimed his empty tumbler with sufficient accuracy to smash the lamp, douse the glimmer, and break up the company."

* * * * * *

Even amid all the dilemmas of drunkenness, and although he went to bed with his feet on his pillow, and his head to the posts, and put his candle out with his nightcap instead of the extinguisher, Mr. Deepore did not forget his appointment with the prime minister, and two o'clock the next day found him punctually at Downing street. Mr. Canning was denied, and Mr. Deepore's Cornish blood was up. He was on the eve of calling the chief clerk a liar, when he thought of his card. "There," said he, pulling it triumphantly from his pocket, "there, read that: 'Admit the bearer instantly. G. C.' Now, then. I got that from Mr. Canning last night, when we were all drinking together at the Wrekin in Broad-court, Bow street. There, will you let me in now."

It was in vain that the clerk, who now doubted the miner's sanity, assured him that Mr. Canning was with the King at Windsor. Mr. Deepore would not believe it, and he remained in an agitated and somewhat uproarious state of non-conviction, until it was found necessary to have him forcibly expelled into the streets of Westminster. Sensibly alive to his degradation, he felt himself an injured man. His Cornish blood, in his indignation, had now set fire to his cheeks, and his heart almost burned a hole in his waistcoat. He put himself upon a coach for the place of his nativity, and on arriving there assured his friends and relations that the prime minister of England was a blackguard, who could make an appointment with an honest man in his cups over night, and have him kicked down stairs the next morning, which is the impression respecting George Canning in that part of Cornwall up to this day.

THE CRITICS OF EATANSWILL.—"They appeared in the form of a copious review of a work on Chinese metaphysics, Sir," said Pott. "Oh," observed Mr. Pickwick, "from your pen I hope?" "From the pen of my critic, Sir," rejoined Pott with dignity. "An abstruse subject I should conceive," said Mr. Pickwick. "Very, Sir," responded Pott, looking intensely sage. "He *crammed* for it, to use a technical but expressive term; he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Britanica*." "Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick; "I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics." "He read, Sir, rejoined Pott, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, "he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C; and combined his information, Sir!" Pickwick of October.

THE BETROTHAL.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.—*By Louisa H. Medina.*

To record instances of literary ability is one of the few agreeable duties which we who are the brief chroniclers of times, are called upon occasionally to fulfil; and it becomes doubly pleasant when such instances occur in the young of that gentler sex whose more domestic habits are generally supposed to shut the gates of literature upon them. The name, however, which heads this article is by no means unknown to fame; and although it now indeed pertains no longer to the authoress, (since Mrs. HAMBLIN) still it is too well known and too favorably remembered to be exchanged for any other. The present work is not only a dramatic production of taste and interest, but absolutely a classic study for the elegance of its versification and the beauty of its allusions. It has been said of LOUISA MEDINA that she was only a melo-dramatic writer, but this is a mistake. The successful mingling of spectacle with deep interest and scenes of acting power, was the secret of her extraordinary success, and showed her sense in giving way to the prevalent taste; but now we have a sterling tragedy of the purest style presented to us as the *nine-and-twentieth* piece of a young lady who has not been writing for the stage five years.

The plot is simple but thrilling, almost painfully engrossing. As it is shortly to be produced by a young and lovely *debutante* in the heroine, we will not forestall it with the public: a few samples of the poetry we subjoin. One word also for the lady who is thus about to risk her own success and that of the play on one night:—We do not approve of a flourish of trumpets by way of heralding; but it is speaking within bounds to say, that if youth, beauty and talent, joined to the able instruction of a sterling actor—if these qualifications will insure success, the authoress need not fear for her heroine. The first extract is the powerful complaint of an insulted wife, and breathes the very spirit of dignified virtue.

"I am your wife—and as my husband—you
Are bound to give protection to mine honor!
I am your subject—as the anointed King
You owe me justice and redress of wrong!
I am a woman, and God hath giv'n to man
The strength and power to be our weakness' shield!

* * * * * *

"I speak to all in Venice! I crave that
Which is the meanest peasant's due—justice!
Husbands! whose wives are holy in your sight—
Fathers! whose homes are sacred to your hearts—
Men! whose fair honor is your vital breath,
I here denounce Gonzago as a villain
Most false—most foully treacherous!

" ——— What is
Your accusation or your injury?

"My *injury*—thanks to the heart that scorned
The hand that well dared the champion that heart—
My injury is naught! My accusation
Is the deepest insult that a man may give
And woman may receive—pollution of
A wedded ear with words of lawless love!
Falsehood to thee! thence honor and thy trust!
Falsehood to me! that to the blushing sky
Dare breathe a hope of my dishonor!"

The next is a close imitation of Shakspeare, yet not so much as to deserve the blame of plagiarism.

"Oh! dull and gray
As the fast coming night my life has grown,
And all the golden beams, the purpled hues
Which should pavillion daylight's soft decline,
Have faded into gloom! The jewelled casket
Where lay the gem whose lustre was my life
Is broken! The stream that fed my veins is spent!
And the fair volume where my hopes were writ
All turned to heresy!"

The apostrophe of the lost maid who has wrecked her happiness and hopes for ambition to the coronet she has won, is pretty.

"Oh, poisonous bauble! all corrupting
Gold! Thou art the serpent tempter! In thee
Men lose their happiness on earth, and risk
Their hopes in heaven! Spangled mockery!
There is a fascination in thy gems
Which draws the poor heart fluttering beneath
The Moloch car of fame, until 'tis crushed
For ever!"

It would be easy to fill half our paper with extracts remarkable for their beauty; two more, however, must suffice, and will serve without any farther comment from us to display the energy, the pathos and even occasional sublimity of this work. The authoress is evidently a close reader of Shelley, whose Queen Mab is often recalled to our mind throughout the play.

"Sleep! Why what is Death, but sleep?
Grant it unbroken, and then Death is slumber.
No dreams disturb the grave; its peaceful pillow
Is free from thorns and heart corroding cares!
Droop we? Physicians give us anodynes,
And sleep is medicine to our fever.
Life is a racing fever! Death physics it
And cures it forever!"

* * * * * *

"We are but born to die! Come once it must,
And he who shortens the unquiet doom
Of desolate existence, does a mercy.
The sailor, tempest-tost, prays for a haven—
The wearied traveller, for a home of rest.
Death makes a stormless haven and a home!
The tortured animal—the beggar'd wretch—
The stricken sufferer whom disease doth gall,
Call *Death* for their relief. What is it then?
Ceasing to live and suffer. Nothing more!"

"It is finished now!
Life's stream which once the glowing sunlight lit
To hues all bright and glorious—which burst
Its floodgates nothing like th'impatient steed
Who snuffs the distant fight,—now sullenly
Creeps slowly through its stagnant channel bed,
In a few hours to sink into the earth
And pass away for ever! Hark to the bell!
Time's chronicler reports another hour
Plung'd to the dark, unfathomable past—
I follow it! In the grave, nor time's swift lapse,
Nor the dull hours dragging their leaden chains
Across the sick'ning soul—shall these be felt!
Sorrow and hate, revenge, aye *love* itself
Merged in one awful word—Eternity!
Obscurity profound! Being unknown!
Is not thine inorganic life a calm?
A sullen quietude no sound may break?
A silence which is stillness to the soul?
A Kalon to the mind? long-lost and found
The tenant of the grave! M. H. L.

Beethoven was eternally quarrelling with his domestics, whom he would swear at constantly, nay, sometimes drive them in a body from his house. In dress and appearance he looked like a beggar—in manner sulky, or spiteful, as it suited his humor; he would call people names as they passed him in the street, and tell them of their faults in public assemblies; being deaf, he was regardless of their expostulations or censures. His laugh was more like a scream, and he gave utterance to it in defiance of place or circumstance—yet he was much to be pitied. His manner towards his servants made them dislike him, and in revenge they thwarted and cheated him. He was mistrustful of every one; consequently had no friend to watch over his comforts, and cheer his solitary state. He would frequently walk out alone in the fields, and several times, sitting down to compose and write, has fallen asleep and remained there through frightful storms which drenched him to the skin, and confined him to the house for days afterwards, with severe colds and fevers. Musical World.

Some stir has been made in Paris by the discovery that the statues by David on the portico of the Pantheon, from which the wood-work which concealed them was only removed last week, are those of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Manuel. The Carlists, who pretend to be religious, declare that it is infamous to desecrate a building which was once a church by the figures of such noted infidels and profligates; but the Parisians generally laugh at the Carlists.

Varieties.

POPULARITY OF COACHMEN.—"A coachman's a privileged indiwidual," said Mr. Weller, looking fixedly at his son. "Cos a coachman may do vithout suspicion wot other men may not; cos a coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms vith 80 mile o' females, and yet nobody think he ever means to marry any vun among 'em. A reg'lar coachman's a sort o' con-nectin' link betwixt singleness and matrimony, and every practicable man knows it."

"Wot you mean, they're gen'ral fav'rites, and nobody takes adwantage on 'em, p'raps?" said Sam.

His father nodded.

"How it ever come to that 'ere pass," resumed the parent Weller, "I can't say; vy it is that long stage coachmen possess such insiniwations, and is alvays looked up to—a-dored I may say—by ev'ry young 'ooman in ev'ry town he vurks through, I don't know; I only know that so it is; it's a reg'lation of natur—a dispensary, as your poor mother-in-law used to say."

"A dispensation," said Sam, correcting the old gentleman.

"Wery good, Samivel, a dispensation, if you like it better," returned Mr. Weller; "I call it a dispensary, and it's alvays writ up so, at the places vere they gives you physic for nothin in your own bottles; that's all."

The last number of the Mechanics Magazine actually contains a receipt for *effacing indelible ink.*

The following *native* love-promise was recently made to a filially given inamorato:—

"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I am a widow's only darling. No *husband* can *equal* my parent in kindness."

"She *is* kind," pleaded the wooer—"but be my wife—we will live all together, and see if I don't *beat your mother.*"

It is estimated that there are about 2,000,000 horses in England, of the value of £25,000,000 sterling. Of these the number charged with duty amounts to rather more than 340,000, the total amount of duty being about £430,000. Not more than 1,000 of these horses are blood or race-horses, contributing to the revenue only about £1,500, or 1-220th part of the whole duty. The Royal Stud at Hampton Court consists of nearly 80 horses, mares and colts.

A learned doctor, in a recent work on the climate, &c., of London and its vicinity, recommends *Gravesend* as a salubrious spot, and a *cheerful permanent residence for invalids!*

An elderly gentleman going to a warm bath the other day, hired a fiacre by the hour, and stationing it at the door of the bathing establishment, paid half-a-dozen Auvergnat porters to sit in it while he performed his ablutions, in order, as he said, that the vehicle might be well warmed and ready to receive him *en sortant de l eau!*

A quaint old author denounces oisters as being ungodly, uncharitable, and unprofitable meat; ungodly, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nothing but shell; and unprofitable because they must swim in wine.

A Charming Advertiser.—The object in advertisements being to save room and economise language, we are often treated to a monstrous funny association of things the most unassociable. Moral qualities are lumped with worldly contingencies, personal requisites with religious motives. In the Times, the other day, a gentlewoman, aged thirty, wants to board with "a kind, comfortable, individual—pleasantly situated in the country." Then come her attractions. "She is good-humored, *healthy, a proficient on the pianoforte*, and *gives no trouble.*"

EPIGRAM ON A DRUNKEN TOWN-CRIER.

Maudlin, the crier, cries a great deal more
Than any crier ever cried before,
Would you the reason know? 'Tis that he cries
Much with his mouth, and much too with his eyes.
Lo! should his mouth have cried *a loss* in vain,
Give but some drink, his eyes shall cry *a gain.* G. D.

When Robert Hall, the celebrated preacher, first of Leicester, and next of Bristol, was much pressed by a minister, who had been holding forth before him, and who had accompanied him into the vestry, to say what particular passage he most admired (in the discourse), the wit at length, and reluctantly, disposed of the importunate vanity by saying, "The passage from the pulpit to the vestry."—*Monthly Magazine.*

Admonitory Inscription for the Entrance to Lansdowne (or any other) Passage.

Passenger! think'st thou this passage to pass through?
Pass then, and think; but in passing don't linger.
If you pass *without* thinking, you pass like an ass through;
So, think while you're passing, and pass for a thinker! G. D.

Clear and decisive.—Peter the Great, when in England, is said to have remarked to a confidant, that he was not aware of having more than four lawyers in his dominions, and when he got home he would hang two of them.

A Good Watch.—An Emeralder wanted to dispose of his watch; and by way of recommending it, said, that it had beat the church clock by an hour and a half that blessed day.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to commend much the advice of a plain man at Buxton, who sold brooms. A proud lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust, to whom the old man said, Friend, hast thou no money? Borrow of thy back and thy belly, they'll never ask thee for't; I should be dunning thee every day.

A Long Nose.—Napoleon used to say, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head go together."

Extreme Delicacy.—Mademoiselle Mars was born on the 7th of February 1779; so that she is now ——; but it is invidious to calculate a lady's age.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Price of Puns.—We knew that puns were getting very common, but had no idea they were so cheap as it seems they are. We read thus in the *Times* of Wednesday last:—Three hundred *puns*, Bahia, sold at 1s. 8d. This is a sad return for so much ingenuity! They must, at least, have been "shocking bad" ones we suppose—or not very new. And now we look further into the statement we think we see that our last conjecture is the true one—that these puns, at sixpence-halfpenny a hundred, were filched; for we see mention is made of "former *quotations*," so that they must have been derived even at third hand, being here *quoted* a second time. Can Hood tell us where Bahia is? Does he get *his* puns there?—*Atlas.*

"A Barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

Not long since two sailors passing by a tailor's shop, observed a tailor at work with his waistcoat patched with different colors of cloth, when one of the tars cried out to the other, "Look ye, Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of cabbage grow on one stump before?

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—The boarders flew towards the schooner—now rolling and pitching under the tall frigate—in oars, and rapidly leaped on her deck. Stifled with the smell of "black fellows," the boat's crew made sure of a prize this time. The schooner was a ninety ton vessel, and her captain on shore. It was a quarter of an hour before a light was produced by the mate, when the hatches were lifted, and, instead of slaves, there was only an insupportable smell of them, with plenty of water and plantains. The mate knew nothing.

"Where are you from?" asked Lieut. Warden.

"I can't read or write, and the Captain's on shore."

"Where are you bound?"

"I can't read or write."

And this was all the answer that could be extracted from him. After a rigorous search the Felicitad was allowed to leave us, though it was the prevailing opinion on board that during the chase she had thrown her slaves overboard.—However, as she had none on board, she could not be touched.

DR. JOHNSON.—Among the papers of the late Mrs. Pozzi some curious anecdotes have been found of Dr. Johnson. It is well known that Johnson was a great tea-drinker. One evening while at tea with Mrs. Pozzi, who had on the occasion introduced for the first time a valuable set of china, the Doctor, in helping himself to sugar, took it from the sugar bason in his fingers, on which his hostess said with a smile, "Oh fie, Doctor!" The latter having brooded over the rebuke, became sulky and brutish, and after tea flung his cup and saucer under the grate, observing at the same time, "Madam, as I have contaminated your cup and saucer with my fingers, they are not fit to be used again."

A visionary pretending to have discovered the philosopher's stone, applied to Pope Leo X. for a recompense, who rebuked and rewarded him with an empty purse.

The following is given in a Provincial Journal as an account of one of the heats at Cambridge races last week: "One horse went a little way, another a little further, the third went nearly to the distance post, and the fourth came quietly in to the winning post!"

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A young sportsman having rode out on a "sniping" excursion, was accidentally knocked off his horse, and so completely absorbed was he in the pursuit of the snipe, that he jumped astride of his gun, shouldered his horse, and set off in full tilt. He did not discover his mistake until he went to shoot, when lo and behold! his gun kicked him over and left the bird unhurt. This is from the *Licking Democrat*, which pretty well *licks* up all previous accounts of that remarkable faculty called "absence of mind."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1837.

TRENTON FALL RACES.

We had every reason to expect a full report of these races for our paper today, and very much to our personal inconvenience, we kept the paper open to receive it. But our correspondent has disappointed us, to our utter discomfiture and shame, and we are compelled to lay before our readers the meagre skeleton subjoined. The time of all the races, it will be observed, was indifferent—the severe rain and snow of Tuesday made the course heavy, and we have had no weather since to improve it. *Lady Cliffden's* defeat in the four mile race will surprise no one who has witnessed her severe struggles at Camden, at the Union Course, and at the Beacon, within the past three weeks. Our next paper will contain a full and graphic report of the whole meeting—the last in the Fall campaign at the North.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., Two mile heats, *Bergen* beat Mr. Laird's Patience, in two heats. Time, 4:05—4:07.

On Thursday, the 16th, Three mile heats, *Henry Moore* beat Camsidell and Middlesex, in two heats. Time, 6:14—6:17.

Same day, *Betsey Andrew* won the Mile race, in two heats, beating four others. Time, 1:56—1:59.

On Friday, the 17th, for the Citizens' purse of $800, Four mile heats, *Atalanta* beat Lady Cliffden and Champagne, in two heats. Time, 8:22 each heat.

WHAT "N." THINKS OF IMPORTED STOCK.

BATESVILLE, Arks., Oct. 21, 1837.

Dear P.—I have recently had the pleasure of perusing a letter from an intelligent and cultivated gentleman abroad. He writes fully and ably on Turf matters. His letter, with those of others, have made it a matter of doubt with me whether or no we are to derive benefit from many of the best importations. For short distances—as far as two mile heats—I do not believe Leviathan has his equal. But his colts have not as yet made good four mile runs. I have no doubt mares by him, bred to our best native stock, will be the "thing itself." Short distances and heavy weights are what they go in for at Newmarket. Upon such races, and such only, is the heavy betting. As a matter of course they breed with a view of raising such as are stout and heely.

Taking these things into consideration, I have come to the conclusion that many of the *cheap importations* are destined to get the best four milers. *Tranby* I have faith in—his performance, four mile heats—his blood and fame, warrant me in thus believing. For two and three year old stakes I would prefer breeding from Leviathan and Luzborough to any horse I know. [See note.] I am happy to inform you that *St. Giles* is in fine health. He has covered some eight or ten mares by way of experiment, and they are all in foal. He is a fine horse, of good four mile model.

I fear *Wacousta* is permanently injured as a racer. He is out of training. You will perceive that at Gallatin, a Leviathan won the 4, 3, and 2 mile day.

In haste, yours truly, N.

Note.—What will "N." say when he hears of Picton's performance on Long Island? probably, that the Luzborough's *are not the men he took them for*—ED.

There is an *on dit* that *Mingo* will go to Virginia next season, to supply the place of *Industry*, under the charge of Mr. LONG. He will not be trained again.

Capt. DAVID H. BRANCH, of Virginia, will not only become one of us on Long Island next Spring (where his fine hotel is nearly completed), but he will also bring with him a fine stable, with *Atalanta* at its head.

We regret to learn that DANIEL DUGGER, Esq., of Virginia, the well-known breeder and turfman, lately fell in a duel with the Hon. Mr. DRUMGOOLD, Member of Congress from N. C.

The current rumor that *Mingo* was to show at Trenton yesterday (the Four mile day) was unfounded. The fears expressed by his owner just after his last race, that he was entirely broken down, has been confirmed. It was understood on Monday last, that Lady Cliffden, Atalanta, and Mingo, would start for the $800 purse, Four mile heats. In Philadelphia, Atalanta was the favorite 100 to 80 against the field, whatever started.

It is the opinion of most of the Virginia Turfmen, that Mr. O. P. HARE'S stable will next Spring be the strongest in the Old Dominion. *Fanny Wyatt* will be at the head of his string.

We learn from a Rochester correspondent that a race track has been laid out near that flourishing city of the West. They have already had three or four days sport over it, which was made up of racing and trotting alternately. The Canada folks attended, and crowds of Buffalo boys; these last to witness the performance of their favorite namesake—a fast trotting crab, who won his purse, and was immediately after bought up at a high figure by some Rochester people. It is hoped they will be able to offer sufficient inducement in the Spring of next year to tempt some of our Long Island stables to deviate from their usual route.

PETE WHETSTONE.—We wish Amos Kendall would drive up his Arkansas Post-masters a little, for we are persuaded that our worthy friend Pete Whetstone cannot have received the several letters we have written him. Pete is getting regularly *wolfish* in his politics, and we, early detecting the premonitory symptoms, thought it worth while to drop him a line, hinting at various remedies which we thought might relieve them. But really Pete's late letters seem to indicate a hopeless state. We do beg some faithful friend at the far West to wait on him and endeavor to soothe his declining hours, for we are persuaded his friends will see little more of him unless the progress of his malady is arrested. To say nothing of "our feelings" upon so melancholy on occasion, we would not for the world lose a correspondent so staunch and clever.

We are indebted to Mr. SANDERS of Kentucky for several proofs of the engravings intended for the Kentucky Stock Book. The lithographs are very well executed, though the cattle, in form, do not correspond to our own ideas of the Durham cattle. But of this we are scarcely so well informed as to hazard an opinion.

The prosecution of this enterprise by the gentlemen of Kentucky is exceedingly creditable to their good taste and liberality, and more than all, to their good sense. We believe it is quite unprecedented in this country. The expense attending it must be very great, but the work when complete will be invaluable to the gentlemen of that State.

Who at the South wishes a rider fit for any weight save a three year old?—George Thompson, a fine darky of 18, deserves just such a place with some Southern gentleman, and can refer to Mr. GARRISON and Mr. WILSON of Norfolk. He has won races with *Ohio*, at Washington, *Hunslap*, at Tree Hill, and several others too numerous to mention. ☞ Direct to him, care of J. S. SKINNER, Esq., Baltimore.

We have mislaid the letter of a South Carolina correspondent, wishing such a rider. He will know from this where he is to be found.

The veteran COOPER is playing at Augusta, Geo., to full houses. The vigorous old *evergreen* is accompanied by a young and luxuriant shoot, a diamond edition, as it were, of the parent tree, in the shape of an accomplished daughter. From our hearts we say, success to them.

☞ We are requested by Mr. Brough to say that he was offered an engagement at the Park by Mr. Simpson to sing with Caradori, but his previous arrangements at Philadelphia and Baltimore prevented his complying with it.

Evening Star.

Such is the effect the dancing of Augusta has produced on the minds of the Kentuckians, that a new and splendid hotel, conducted by Mr. J. Venigerhalz, has just been opened at Louisville, and christened "La Bayadere." Ib.

We regret to hear that the accomplished Vocalist, Arthur F. Keene, well known in this city and throughout the United States, as an artist and composer of great merit, died at Mobile, the 2d inst. Ib.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED RIVER, (Arks.) Oct. 21, 1837.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Well, I have had a great chase with an old *he*—fought *him* from the dry fork to the Brushy Lake—the way Jim Cole's dogs made the fur fly off him was about right. He was good meat, and his ribs were right slick I tell you.

Lawyer McCampbell liked to have had a fight with a big fellow that moved in from old South Carolina. It commenced about John C. Calhoun and the banks. Lawyer McCampbell said he was fearful *Mr. Calhoun was going to join the tory ranks.* No sooner did he say it, than *South Carolina* walked right up to him, and looked him full in the face—the Lawyer went on to say, that he was afraid *Mr. Calhoun was growing jealous of Henry Clay, and that he wanted to run for the Presidency himself.* Right at that I saw South Carolina double his fist. McCampbell kept on—says he, *Calhoun has shaken hands with Benton;* this was more than South Carolina could stand, and he blazed right away at the Lawyer, but I fended off the lick, and stept right between them. Come gentlemen, says I, don't fight. The blood of South Carolina was up, and it was no small matter to calm him. Says he, "Pete, I hated to hear Calhoun accused of joining the tories, but I stood it—and then to say he was jealous of any man; but I stood it and said nothing—but when he said *John C. Calhoun shook hands with Tom Benton,* I couldn't stand that." Come, friends, says I, make up. "Well," says the Lawyer, "I didn't mean to hurt any body's feelings." At that South Carolina gave him his hand, and the thing was made up on the spot.

Lawyer McCampbell went home with me that night. After supper we had a long chat. He gine me some good advice when I go to the Legislature. Says he, "Pete, the United States is in a bad old way—I have been reading Mr. Secretary Woodbury's report, and I tell you it is a mystified document. I can't make head or tail of it—I think, Pete, he is troubled with a *kimerion* of the brain, as old Cuff said of Squire Archy. He is no more fit to be Secretary of the Treasury than a *tumble bug* for a lady's pet. "Whetstone," says he, with great emphasis, "nothing can save us but *Old Tippecanoe*—the people believe strong in him, and I don't believe they will give him up. Then we must have a bank of the United States—one whose notes are good every where. Now, Mr. Whetstone," says he, "what sort of money have you got to carry to the Rock?" "Rail Road," says I—"one ten, two fives—one of them a little ragged—and two dollars and five bits in shin plasters." Says he, "they will shave you, Pete." Says I, "I carry my own razor." Says he, "you don't understand me—I mean they will discount your paper." "Do what," says I. "Why," says he, "they will take twenty cents out of every dollar you have got." "Well, if they do," says I, "some of them 'll get shaved with a bone razor." "Keep cool," says he. "I will," says I. Well, the Lawyer went to bed, and next morning started early.

I shall have some more talk with him before I go to the Rock. We will have a right smart fuss about our own banks—the President of the mother bank is ordered to the Florida wars—at least that is the news here—and you must know he is a captain in the army, and *bound to obey instructions*, even if he wornt a democrat. So I expect we will have to get somebody else in his place.

Old McCampbell has been a trip to Izard, Lawrence, and Randolph—he says his heart bleeds to think of the ignorance he found—*nigh on one half of them think Gen. Jackson is still President.*

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

Things in General, and Duck Shooting in Particular.

Mr. Editor—Myself and friend have just returned from our annual trip to ......; and the sport we had was *considerable*: you ought to have been with us. The way the wild fowl *came to us was very singular*; we measured our lengths on the old *Goose* bar, *riz up*, pointed our shooting irons, let fly—and to see the Brandt come down in pairs would have done your eyesight good, and drawn the blue devils out of a *saint.*

We had certainly great luck, and made a good haul, *bringing home* one hundred and twenty-four ducks, and thirty-eight brandt; *but the fun is to get down there*—the pleasure you derive from being stow'd up in a *long, low, black, rakish-looking schooner*, and the skipper a jolly dog of the old school, with plenty to moisten your clay with, and a good cigar, whiles away the time very comfortably. I think, Mr. Editor, some of our *fancy sportsmen* would soon get *used up* on an excursion of this kind; you don't fare *very well* unless you lay in *small stores*; on board these kind of craft they don't keep *everything*. If you ask for a *flapjack*, you will *receive it off* the Captain's own hand; they disdain the use of knives and forks, and as to getting into bed, you cannot, nohow—they don't use them only on shore, a blanket for two on the floor of the cabin being the only accommodation in that line—then there's no danger of kicking the *kiver off*, as a great man once said. The way, Mr. Editor, we divided our *bed*, is altogether *new*; we spread it, then lay down on the floor—had a fair start, and *rolled ourselves up till we met*, in which most delightful position we roosted for the night; but this is nothing when you get *used to it*, which you will do after the first trip. I have given you a very hasty sketch, and I am afraid rather an imperfect one; but take the will for the deed, and excuse it.

Yours, &c., BRANDT.

P.S. By-the-bye, you forgot to mention the race that came off at Williamsburgh some time ago, between the *Lafitte* and another boat which has such a long *Polish* name that I cannot recollect it: however it was for $500—the former winning handsomely. The "*Fairy*," a beautiful boat, was shipped to Mobile a few days since: the price she brought is nothing to nobody, but Nick Biddle's shin plasters counted up.

We insert a brief extract from a friendly letter, which we commend as a model for an epistolary style. After apologising for his long silence, the writer proceeds thus:—

"As some amends, however, for the delay, I send you enclosed the subscription of a new subscriber to your paper, Dr. N.; I also enclose you a year's subscription for myself. You will oblige both Dr. N. and myself by furnishing the back numbers. My object in addressing you is to give to the public such information as I may chance to be possessed of, in relation to that noble animal, the blood horse. In my first communication I furnished the pedigree of my mare Kitty Willis—I now propose doing the same for *Sally Hornet*. This celebrated mare was bred by JOHN COLGIN, Esq., in the county of Charles City, 1826; was got by Sir Charles, her dam by Hornet, he by Diomed out of Cadiz, the dam of Lady Bollingbrooke, dam of Wrangler, Desdemona, Virginia, &c., g. dam Robin Red-breast, g. g. dam Play-or-Pay, g. g. g. dam Fitz Medley, g. g. g. g. Mark Anthony. Her performance on the turf may form the subject of another letter. I have only here in conclusion to express my dissent from the opinion of your Washington correspondent, that racing, as a national amusement, is on the decline on this side the Potomac.

With great respect,

Your ob't. servant, ——.

The theatre at St. Louis is said to have been much damaged by fire on the 1st inst., but no particulars have been received.

PLAGUES OF POPULARITY.—A popular man is a butt for all the world to shoot at. He is universally applied to in all manner of distresses—by those who do know him, and by those who do not. There is not a "widow with seven small children," a respectable tradesman "overwhelmed by a concatenation of untoward events," a clergyman whose "expenses have exceeded his income," or an elderly maiden escaped in her chemise from "the late calamitous fire," who does not make him acquainted with their respective misfortunes, and look to him for relief. The Duke of Wellington, we dare be sworn, has received more letters from the widows of the officers slain at Waterloo than ever fell in all his campaigns. There is not a successful actor on the stage who could not furnish his quota of correspondence with self-dubbed Thespians, dated from half the gaols in England. But if your popularity be literary, there is positively no end of this persecution. Every day brings its epic or its drama, its novel in three volumes, or its voyages in two, with a modest request to wade through the ill-written MS.—criticise, amend, with a preface, and recommend to a publisher, or to friends for subscription. New Monthly Magazine for Sept.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONGRESS.—"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" said a lady to her husband, who was confined to his chair by the gout. "I am not qualified for the station," was the reply. "I think you are," returned the wife; "your language and actions are truly parliamentary. When *bills* are presented, you either order them to be *laid on the table*, or make a *motion to rise;* though often *out of order*, you are still supported by the *chair*, and you often poke your nose into *measures* which are calculated to destroy the *constitution.*"

PETERSBURG (Va.) FALL RACES,

Commenced, over the *Newmarket Course*, on the 10th Oct., and Mr. HARE, the proprietor, has politely furnished the annexed report:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 10, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Ten subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. c. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy........ 1 1
C. Stith's ch. f. *Indiana Taylor*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock........ 2 2
Time, 3:58—4:09.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before; Two miles.

O. P. Hare's ch. c. *Chifney*, by Sir Charles, out of Miss Waxy by Sir Archy........ 1
Mr. Spurr's ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab........ 2
D. Dugger's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian........ 3
Wm. McCargo's gr. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Timoleon........ 4
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Andrew, dam by Defiance........ 5
Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11—Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged........ 5 1 1
Wm McCargo's b. c. *Charles Carter*, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs........ 2 4 2
J. C. Claiborne's b. f. *Mary Lyle*, by Eclipse, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs........ 1 2 dr
Dr. Lewis' b. c. *Drumgoold*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs........ 4 3 dr
S. G. Wells' ch. f. *Betsey Minge*, by Timoleon, out of May Wasp, 4 yrs........ 3 dist.
J. D. Kirby's (Wm. Power's) ch. c. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by ———, 4 yrs........ 6 dr
H. Maclin's b. c., pedigree omitted, 4 yrs........ dist.
Time, 3:54—3:50—3:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Purse $700, free for all ages; weights as before; Four Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 5 yrs........ 1 1
O. P. Hare's ch. f. *Caddy Jones*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Cobbs by Sir Hal, 3 yrs. 2 2
Time, 7:58—8:26.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Produce Stake for 3 year olds; weights as before; 29 subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's bl c. *Black Prince*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Fantail, Catherine Davis's dam, by Sir Archy........ 1 1
John M. Bott's b. f. by Gohanna, out of Dairymaid........ 3 2
W. H. E. Merritt's (P. B. Starke's) br. c. *Major Stevens*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Lagrange........ 2 3
Henry Maclin's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy........ dist.
Time, 3:54—3:56.

ELKHORN (Ky.) FALL RACES.

MR. P.—Last was a week of racing at the Forks of Elkhorn, and closes the racing for the season in Kentucky; the weather was fine, and the usual number of sportsmen and horses attended. Below is the result:—

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1, 1837.—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, 75 lbs., sub. $100, h. ft., mile heats.

Lewis Sanders' jr. (Lewis Smith's) ch. f. *Julia Dumont*, by McDuffie, dam Mandane, by Turpin's Pulaski, grandam Marcella, the dam of Fanny Wright........ 2 1 1
Wm. Buford jr.'s ch. f. *Ellen Tree*, by Medoc, dam by Tiger........ 1 2 dis
Time, 2:09—1:58—2:00

THURSDAY, Nov. 2.—Jockey Club Purse $300, free for all ages. 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124; 3lb allowed mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Robt. Burbridge's b. c. *Bob Ewing*, by Woodpecker, dam by McDuffie, 3 yrs........ 1 1
Sidney Burbridge's b. m. *Caroline Scott*, by Archy of Transport, d by Wild Medley 6 y 2 2
Geo. H. Sinclair's *Kate Plowden*, by Kosciusko, dam by Whip, 6 yrs........ 4 3
Geo. N. Sanders' ch. m. *Tolivia*, by Im. Contract, d Diamond, by Turpin's Florizel, 5 y 3 4
Time, 6.10—5:58.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3.—Jockey Club Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as on previous day. Two mile heats.

Robt. Burbridge's ch. f. *Mary Serene*, by Plato, dam by Whipster, 3 ys........ 3 1 1
Ben. Luckett's b. h. *Chilton*, by Seagull, dam by Wonder, 5 ys........ 1 2 2
James Dunn's b. c. *Collier, Jr.*, by Collier, dam by Whip, 3 ys........ 2 3 dr
Geo. H. Sinclair's (J. M. Marshal's) br. f. *Massalino*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Black and all Black........ 4 4 dis
Time, 3:56—3.58—4:00.

* It is but just to remark of Massalino, that in making the turn after passing the stand in the 2d mile, 3d heat, she being ahead, was run on by one of the horses, which was seen by the judges, who after the race examined her, but could perceive no injury; but on the next day the wound was manifest: she gave way directly after she was run upon.

SAME DAY, *Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds. Sub. $50, h. ft. Mile heats.

Lemuel Sanders' b c *Dr. Ben Dudley*, by Bertrand, d Lady Gray, by Robin Gray, 80lb 1 1
Geo. N. Sanders' b. f. *Countess Bertrand*, by Bertrand, dam Budget of Fun, by Kassina, grandam Lady Gray (as above), 72 lb........ 2 dis
Capt. Holton & Russell's b. c. by Bertrand, 75 lb........ dis
Time, 1:57—1:55.

A question arose at the conclusion of this race, which was not finally settled. You, Mr. Editor, are requested to give the *law* and *usage* in such cases. Bets were laid by the backers of the Countess Bertrand with the friends of Capt. Holton & Russell's colt, which should prove best in the race. Messrs. James Burnes, W. Fenwick, and Maj. Estell were the judges. The judges declared from the stand that the bets should be *drawn;*—both nags being distanced in the race should be considered equal. Maj. E. was clearly of opinion that Countess Bertrand was best, but yielded to a majority. Some bets were drawn, others still held by the stakeholders. Your particular attention and response to this matter is expected.

[The decision of the judges in this case was correct, as we apprehend the rule. Horses distanced in a race are "no where," and therefore equal; and though a very obvious consideration presents itself in this case, that Countess Bertrand was *placed* in the 1st heat, and the colt distanced, yet the general rule prevails, as acted upon by the judges.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*]

SATURDAY, Nov. 4.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that had never won a race. Sub. $50. Mile heats.

Benj. Luckett's b. f. *Maria Russell*, by Ratler, dam by Stockholder........ 1 1
Lewis Sanders' jr. (Burbridge & Harper's) ch. c. by Kosciusko, dam by Moses........ 2 2
S. T. Drane's b. c. by Woodpecker........ 3 dis
Time, 1:57—1:58.

Your obedient serv't, LEWIS SANDERS.

AQUATIC.

Boating may now be considered over for the season, and we can safely say, there never was one in New York more prolific of sport than the past. First came the Newburgh Regatta, a most splendid and well arranged affair, where our Association boats took the first and second prizes, leaving the third for one of the village boats. Who can forget this gallant race, and the hospitable reception the Newburghers gave the Gothamites? The writer participated in that kindred feeling, and long will the 27th day of June, A.D. 1837, be remembered by many, and more particularly by the gentlemen amateurs of the Association. There never was a season in which so many improvements in the model of boats have been made, and our boat builders are much indebted to several gentlemen of the Association, who made this their peculiar study; so that we may now be considered to have reached the very achme of boat building. We may recur to this at a more fitting opportunity, and we think we can throw out some hints and a little advice that will still more improve the speed of boats. The next grand regatta was that at Castle Garden, on the 25th Sept. The Association invited that of Newburgh, and the papers of that village spoke "hope's own language" of our reception given to the Newburghers, and a paper was forwarded to the Secretary of each Club at the Garden. These gentlemen left us delighted with their trip, and carried with them a prize as a trophy of victory, nobly won, and more nobly contended for—bone and sinew strained to the fullest extent—every muscle stretched, and with hearts full to overflowing for the name of their village and its fine inhabitants, the Scylla reached the goal, and was crowned with victorious laurels. What pleasing recollections these little incidents bring to the mind! May they be nourished, and those who cherish such feelings—long life to them and theirs. When the New York Amateur Boat Club Association was first established in 1833, we believe only two boats composed it—the *Wave* and *Ariel*—there is now about fifteen Clubs regularly entered, the members of which strictly follow the Rules and regulations by which they are all governed. We have not time or space this week to *say our say* on boats and boating, but in a future number we will resume our pen.

A boat race came off at Pittsburgh, a few days since, between the *Duquesne* and the *Glaucus*, in which the latter bore away the prize. It appears that the Duquesne, not long since, challenged the Louisville (Ky.) Boat Clubs, to a trial of skill, and PRENTICE of the Journal, now informs its crew, in his paper of the 8th inst., that they can not only beat her with a broad-horn, but can also take the laurels from her conqueror.

The Mobile Theatre was opened Nov. 6, and an excellent company was daily expected from the North. The establishment has undergone many repairs and improvements during the recess, and there is every prospect of the worthy proprietors doing an excellent business the coming season.

The following is the next best thing to the evidence concerning the stone, "*as big as a piece of chalk*"—"Were you travelling on the night this affair took place?" "I should say I was, Sir." "What kind of weather was it? Was it raining at the time?" "It was so dark that I could not see it raining; but I felt it dropping though." "How dark was it?" "I had no way of telling; but it was not light by a jug full." "Can't you compare it to something?" "Why, if I was going to compare it to anything, I should say it was about as dark as a stack of black cats."

CETUS.

Mr. Editor,—I must ask a little space in your paper for a reply to F. P. C. one of your correspondents over the sea. I shall not follow Mr. C.'s example, and indulge in groundless charges and aspersions, and in disgusting personalities. When facts and arguments are against us, and we are driven to the wall, it is a very easy and convenient mode of distracting public attention, by throwing in extraneous matters, and perhaps an escape is possible, if we can excite a suspicion against the motives of our opponents. This system of tactics has been before played off, as if that circumstance, even if it existed in this case, could change the force of truth and the nature of things. You need only hint, that your opponent owns horses, or is connected with the owner's of horses, and all his FACTS must go for nothing. This is too ridiculous. Facts should have their due weight; and only their due weight, no matter by whom brought forward. As to the controversy carried on some time ago in the American Turf Register, although I take no credit to *myself* for it, the readers of that work will doubtless join me in opinion, that the attacks of ignorance, prejudice, and malice, were never more successfully repelled than on that occasion, and F. P. C. has, I have good authority for saying, expressed *heretofore* this opinion.

Mr. C. would have your readers believe, that the owners of Cetus are not the assailants in this matter. Pray did not Mr. C. some twelve months ago affirm that Cetus had more reputation at Newmarket, than any horse, except Rowton, that had ever been imported into the United States? And was it not soon after stated, almoat *officially*, that he cost more money then any? Were not these statements made *to exalt Cetus, at the expense of other imported horses?* And yet Mr. C. would induce your readers to think, that the owners of Cetus have done nothing to disparage other people's horses, but that other persons have attempted to disparage Cetus. The public will, however, no doubt, see this matter in its proper light. Mr. C. *now* admits that the statement about the cost of Cetus was "somewhat indiscreet," and explains how the error arose. This admitted indiscretion arises, I apprehend, more from the fact that the statement has been *proved erroneous* and *exposed*, than on account of its intrinsic error.

It is not my interest or intention to fight the battles of any of the imported horses. It is the interest of the public, however, that important facts about them should be correctly set forth, and with this view I questioned the statement of the cost of Cetus, which Mr. C., his owner, now admits to be "decidedly erroneous." The statement was insisted on, and I assigned some of the reasons that satisfied me that it was wrong. In this matter whom have I wronged? not the public surely, for they had a right to correct information—not the owners of Cetus, for the statement is now admitted to be "decidedly erroneous." I cannot see any reasonable pretext for fault-finding.

Mr. C. insists that his assertion that Cetus had a higher reputation at Newmarket than any horse, except Rowton, *then* imported into the United States, is true, and relies on the quality of his running, and the price at which he covered: that is to say, this is Mr. Corbin's opinion of Cetus's Newmarket character.—Let us see a little about these things.

First—His running. At two years old Cetus won once at Stockbridge, once at Winchester, and twice at Newmarket, to wit: the Lilly Hoo, and the Criterion stakes, and started and was not placed for the Clearwell stakes at Newmarket. His running this year was good, though the young ones of his age at Newmarket were considered an indifferent lot.—*Sporting Mag.* (*N. S.*) 25.

When three, he started, but was not placed, for the Craven stakes at Epsom, 1¼ mile. Race won easy by the Colonel by two lengths; Harold second and Elis third.—*Johnson's Rac. Cal.*

Same place, he started for the Derby: won by Priam, Little Red Rover 2nd, Mahmoud 3rd, and placed. The sporting works say Augustus was 4th, &c., placing the horses in the order in which they came in till they get to Firman 11th "leading a disorderly group," &c. See Johnson's Rac. Cal. and Sport. Mag. So that *Cetus was not better than the 12th for the Derby*, if so good.

He paid and *would not start* for the St. Leger, at that time a play or pay race.

He won a sweepstakes 1 mile (11 subs.) beating Carmine and Design, and a match, beating De Vese one mile at Winchester.

At Goodwood he ran third to Erymus and Mahmoud, 2½ miles, beating Variation, winner of the Oaks, *8lb. extra*, and six others.

At Warwick he ran second to Birmingham for the Grey stakes, one mile, beating seven others. F. P. C. says this "was a remarkably *game*, well contested race, &c., as D. Q. very well knows." D. Q. knows no such thing. On the contrary, he believes that *Birmingham won easily.* The Sport. Mag. says that it was "*won easy*," and Johnson's Racing Calendar says also that it was "*won easy.*"

At Abingdon, he won a sweepstakes, one mile (12 subs), beating Phanus and Design.

At four, he started for the Claret stakes at Newmarket, two miles, and was not placed. Six horses started, and Augustus and Cetus were the last. See New Sport. Mag., p. 20.

He won a handicap stakes at Newmarket 1¼ mile (11 subs), and ran second, carrying 8st 6lb., for a handicap purse of 50*l.*, same distance, being beat by Refugee, same age, 7st. 8lb., beating Bustle, same age, 7st. 3lb., and four others.

At Ascot he won the Gold Cup (5 subs) 2½ miles, beating Augustus. "Won by only a head."—*Johnson's Rac. Cal.* This was Augustus's *third race* this week; once he was beaten and not placed, and once he won by a head. "The Gold Cup (with the late disgraceful restrictions) was contested for by two *second rate horses.*"—New Sport. Mag., vol. i., p. 201. At page 202 it is said, that when it did not seem possible to withold the cup from the Colonel, "he broke down! and left the prize to be contested for by two of his inferiors, Augustus and Cetus. The first of the last two ought to have won, but the *Whalebone* in the blood, and the *Jem Robinson* in the saddle, gave the victory to Cetus." It is intimated in another work that Robinson won the race for Cetus. I am very far from thinking that Augustus was the second best *horse* at Newmarket, much less in England. He was probably the next best 3 *year old* at Newmarket to Priam; but he did not train on, or at least did not run with so much success after that age. He was also more successful at short than long distances. Out of six starts, *two miles* and upwards, he *won only once.* Some months after this race, Augustus ran where he could be claimed, for 600*l.* The only time that Cetus himself won further than "A. F.," or about one mile and a quarter, was when he beat Augustus. Cetus paid one forfeit and received two forfeits this year.

Those who know much of the running of English horses, will know that while these performances were *respectable*, they were nothing more. The certificates published by Mr. C. go so far, but no farther. The English sporting works call him "a little horse," "a wiry little horse," "a smart nag," "an honest bit of Whalebone," "a respectable runner," and one of them intimates, that if taken into the country, to run "for the county cups, he would be invulnerable." It is true Cetus beat Variation, winner of the Oaks, twice: once when they were 2 yrs, old, and once when 3 yrs. old; but it may be remarked that Variation did not win at two, though she beat Cetus once, and when beaten by Cetus at 3 yrs. old she carried 8 lbs. extra.

The following extract is taken from the Sporting Magazine, 2d Series, No. 10, 1834, page 265:—

"The Americans have always been importers of English stallions; and we see with some regret that the Earl of Egremont has been induced to part with Chateau Margaux, the *only son of Whalebone of high celebrity*, (excepting Camel and Sir Hercules,) and that this universal favorite has been sent to the United States."

Cetus was not then considered a horse of "high celebrity."

I offer the following additional evidence to show his reputation in England. You can see how he ranked by the weight he was ordered to carry in two *handicap* races, with an interval of nearly two years, and on the last occasion after his so much boasted victory over Augustus. I select only those horses that have been imported, and some of the same age with Cetus. The whole list can be seen in Weatherby's Sheet Calendars:—

GOODWOOD STAKES, 1830.

	AGE	ST.	LB		AGE	ST.	LB.
Merman	4	8	8	*Danzelli*	3	7	2
Tranby	4	8	7	*Clio*	3	7	0
Coronet	5	8	4	*Cetus*	3	6	12
Gondolier	3	7	10	*Erymus*	3	6	10
The Mummer	3	7	5	*Bustle*	3	6	7
Zucharelli	3	7	2	*Refugee*	3	6	7

Five in this race of the same age with Cetus were ordered to carry more weight, even as much as 12 lbs. in one instance.

ST. ALBANS, 1832.

	AGE	ST.	LB		AGE	ST.	LB.
Priam	5	9	0	The Saddler	4	8	0
Birmingham	5	8	10	Augustus	5	8	0
Emancipation	5	8	9	Captain Arthur	5	7	13
Variation	5	8	6	Bullet	5	8	0
Chorister	4	8	7	*Cetus*	5	7	13
Camarine	4	8	6	Thorngrove	5	7	13
Liverpool	4	8	6	*Bustle*	5	7	13
The Cardinal	5	8	5	Pilgrim	5	7	13
Spaniel	4	8	2	Mazeppa	5	7	13
Agreeable	5	8	2	*Sarpedon*	4	7	13
Windcliffe	5	8	2	Jenny Vertpre	5	7	12
Oxygen	4	8	2	Conciliation	5	7	12
Riddlesworth	4	8	0	Mouche	5	7	11
Schumla	5	8	0	&c. &c.			

Here we see that many not only of his own age, but younger, were thought not only equal but superior to Cetus. Sarpedon, a year younger, is ordered to carry the same weight, *and this after Cetus had reached his highest racing reputation.*

A word or two about the price at which Cetus covered, to wit, 15 gs.* The price was either a fair compensation for his services, or it was not. If a fair price for his services, then he got his proportion of mares, and of course his proportion of colts dropped in 1833, 34, 35, 36, 37. His oldest colts were two years old in 1835, and engaged that year. The get of three years ought to be on the turf in England, and yet up to this time the Sporting works tell of no winner. Why is this? What would be thought of a horse that for three seasons in this country could not point to one winner? If it be said that he got few mares besides his owner's, then the price is *merely nominal*, and certainly no criterion of his value as a stallion. Cetus was young and untried, and, I presume, did not get very many mares besides his owner's, so that the price of the season was of little importance. If he got a fair proportion of mares, why have not his colts won? If he did not get the mares, the legitimate inference is, either that the price was thought too high for his value, or that his merits were not great enough to secure any patronage. His owner, however, put his own mares, some of them first-raters, to Cetus, until his get were old enough to be tried. After that, he put most of his good mares to other stallions, Rowton, Jerry, Vanish, Plenipotentiary, &c., which did not belong to him. Sir Mark Wood might have acted unwisely in so doing, but it was at least a suspicious circumstance, that he should put his mares to Cetus while untried, and should not put these mares to him after a trial of his colts. And it must have been a very "queer humor" to increase the price as Cetus declined in favor, and to rise in his demand for a horse thus superceded.

The get of Cetus of two seasons had been tried, when he was sold by Sir Mark Wood, but had *not* won. Tournament started twice, and was *last* in both races. Lampo, figuring so brilliantly on the *Continent*, started at least three times in England; once he was not placed, the race being won by Corban, 4 lbs. extra; once he ran third, where he could be claimed for 200 sovs., and was beaten by Jemmy and a Gustavus filly, both of them running afterwards the same year, where they could be claimed for 80 sovs., and once *this year* he ran second, being beaten by Vulture, 4 yrs. old, 128 lbs., while he a 3 yr. old, carried only 82 lbs., a difference of 46 lbs. for one year. This colt has perhaps improved since he left England, *and perhaps the opposition in France and Belgium may not be so formidable* as at home, where his performances were certainly *not* good. Rococo started twice when 2 yrs. old; once he ran 3d, being beaten by Anvil and Corban, 7 lbs. extra, (12 subs.) and once he ran 2d to Cartoon, by Priam, beating several, but being beaten *cleverly* by the Priam colt. Rococo unfortunately broke his leg last Spring, at which time he was a favorite, but *not* a leading favorite, for the Derby. Troilus had not then started in public, as well as I recollect. I do not think 2 yr. old running a sure criterion of a horse's excellence, and still less faith have I in private trials. As to the Cetuses keeping good company, they seem to have been fully sensible of it, and have yielded on all occasions the precedence to their betters. As to the courses where the Priams, Zinganees, Shakspeares, won, how many engagements they had, &c. &c., the Racing Calendars show that they won at the most fashionable courses, and sometimes large stakes and important races, and that they won a portion at least of their engagements, and I will add, in my opinion, a very fair proportion. As to the price at which Cetus's get are said to be held, I will merely remark, that the get of almost any horse out of *these mares* would sell well.

I never thought the cost of Cetus a matter of much importance. If Mr. Corbin buys a good horse cheap, or pays high for an indifferent one, it is a transaction with which in itself no one should find fault. The price of blood stock is uncertain and capricious. In England it has risen very much, particularly the price of stallions, within the last few years, owing partly to the great demand for them from this country, and the liberal prices given by Dr. Merritt, and in one instance at least by Mr. James Jackson. If Cetus was sold, as is said in the sporting works, for a *hundred pounds*, when purchased by Mr. Dilly, and he had since proved himself worth that sum many times multiplied, it would not lower him in my estimation, and I should congratulate Mr. Dilly on his bargain. If he were sold, as is hinted, when Sir Mark Wood bought him, for a large price, and turned out but a respectable runner, and an unsuccessful stallion, at least as far as the winning of his get is concerned, I should think of him exactly as if he had cost a moderate price. But the price becomes important when assumed as an index of value, as it unquestionably was in this case, and ought to have been corrected a long time before it was put right.

Mr. C. himself says that Cetus is a small horse,—"the uninitiated might call him a pony," as he says in his own style. He is unquestionably smaller every way than Rowton, with which horse Mr. C. compares him. I am not partial to very large horses, for I am of the opinion that excellence of shape and qualities is generally found in horses of moderate size. But I should want something like an average size, and I own I am one of the "uninitiated" that think Cetus's size might be increased with decided advantage.

There were other reasons besides those noticed above that caused me to know that the price of Cetus was not the highest of all the imported horses. And if I had doubted before, the certificates and statements of F. P. C. would furnish the strongest evidence that I was right.

Until I learned from F. P. C. that he was not a trader in horse-flesh,* I own that I believed him to be the most considerable trader that we have had, except his friend "B.," and I am not yet convinced of my error.

I must bring my remarks to an end. I omit noticing much of what F. P. C. says, for I do not wish to fill your paper with this dispute.† I might controvert much both of his facts and opinions, but let them alone for the present. One word, and I have done. It will be time enough to discuss the merits of Cetus when his colts win against the thorough-breds in England. D. Q.

* Perhaps F. P. C. can tell who imported and *once* owned in part Trustee, Envoy, Langford, John Bull, and others.

† I believe F. P. C. is not correct in stating the price of any horse imported by Dr. Merritt, &c., if I have been correctly informed, nor any he mentions, except the dam of Tranby, an old mare 25 yrs. old.

SPORT IN THE CREEK NATION.

West of Sundown, Oct. 14, 1837.

Dear P.—You that stand six feet two in your stockings, editor of that sporting paper yclept "Spirit of the Times," do you want to see sights? If so come here, and I can promise you a hug from an old "he" any day of the week, "Sundays not excepted," and an occasional sprinkle of a fight with a panther or a wild cat. But perhaps you prefer larger game—what say you, then, to a chase among a herd of bison, deer, or antelopes? Should none of the above pursuits hit your fancy, and you can bring Mingo (no poorer horse will answer, and I doubt some about *his* doing it well.) I will let you into a pretty thing. There is, in my immediate vicinity, a noble grey wild horse; the best horses that I can get have only pushed a trot out of him, and I doubt if he have any other gait. I have run very good horses after him several times, but it amounted to nothing. I could have creased him often, but thought it a pity to ruin the looks of so fine an animal.

If the fellow could be caught without injury, I will bet my pile that he beats anything that "wears hair," at a trot from one mile to twenty.

I had my "foot in it" this morning tolerable nice. I went out for the purpose of shooting ducks, armed with a shot gun. I was perhaps half a mile from my cabin, on a small stream, and was about to cross the stream on an old hollow log; I had got about a third of the way across, when the shell broke and let me on to an old *she* and her two cubs. One growl from her Ladyship sufficed to inform me upon whose domains I had trespassed, and whom I had to deal with. I retreated before the dust was out of Madame's eyes, and substituted a ball for my shot, and again resumed offensive operations; the old lady had crawled out of her nest, and after the first sight she got of me, "prehaps" the cane didn't crack. To make a long or uncertain shot were worse than useless, situated as I was without a dog. I let her advance upon me to within the distance of 15 feet, and then fired; my shot took effect, but was not mortal. I threw away gun and concluded to try a hug for supremacy, which, after a mighty smart tussle, thanks to the maker of my knife for its good qualities, I obtained. The cubs I shall tame.

Yours truly, F. in the Far West.

THE ROYAL STUD.

We have repeatedly expressed our opinion on the impolicy, in a national point of view, of breaking up the Royal Stud at Hampton Court; and however opposed this opinion may be to the selfish interest of private speculators, who, while they pretend to condemn "royal monopoly," in fact aim at a monopoly of their own, we still hope that her Majesty's Ministers will see the importance of maintaining an establishment which is decidedly the most complete in the kingdom, and every way calculated, by the example it affords, to secure that pre-eminence in the breed of horses for which our country has heretofore been distinguished in all parts of the world. As very little seems to be known by the public respecting this stud, and which, our readers are aware, is advertised for sale by Messrs. Tattersall, on the 22d of October next, we shall, perhaps, be excused for giving some facts connected with its origin and proprietorship:—

The stud at Hampton Court, which is a racing stud, is not national property, and does not belong to the King or Queen of England as attached to the kingly office. It was the private property of his late Majesty William IV., who derived it from his predecessor either by bequest or purchase, and increased it by purchases or by gifts from other quarters. It is, of course, at present subject to such dispositions as he thought proper to make of it in his lifetime, and will pass to his representatives (not in his public capacity) in the same manner as any other private and personal property of which he died possessed. The stud at Hampton-court is purely a racing stud; it does not contain any carriage-horses or horses for State occasions, and is not an heir-loom of the Crown. It appears from works written on the subjects of Newmarket, Racing, &c., that in the end of the reign of Charles I., races were run in Hyde-park as well as at Newmarket; that during the protectorate of Cromwell the sport met with no encouragement whatever, but that it was revived soon after the Restoration, and much encouraged by Charles II., who formed a race-course at Datchet. A house was also erected, with suitable convenience, for Charles II. at Newmarket, where some parts of it are still in existence. William III. added to the plates which his sporting predecessor had established, and Queen Anne followed his example. In the reign of George I. some alterations were made as to £105 being given instead of Plates, &c., but the sport was still encouraged. In the reign of George II. horse-racing assumed a more decidedly national character, and several Acts of Parliament were passed to prevent racing from becoming a mere gambling speculation, and enacting such provisions as should, as far as the Legislature could interfere, make it subservient to the purpose of securing a good breed of horses, for the benefit of the nation. The celebrated Duke of Cumberland, called the Fat Duke of Cumberland, in more recent times became a great patron of the Turf, and under his auspices the races at Ascot-heath were brought to great perfection. The Royal Stud was then kept at Cumberland-lodge, in Windsor Forest, where it remained during the reign of George III. The stud at Cumberland Lodge could not, however, be called a racing stud; it contained a very miscellaneous collection of stallions and mares. George III., though he encouraged racing so far as to attend regularly at Ascot-heath, had little or no connection with the Turf. His successor and the late Duke of York were, as every body knows, closely connected with racing, and actively engaged in all its departments for many years. It was in the reign of George IV. that the stud now at Hampton Court was established, and such stock as was proper to be placed in a racing stud were by his command brought thither from Windsor Forest. Several of the mares now in the stud were the property of the late Duke of York, of which George IV., on the death of his brother, became the owner, and the present very intelligent and respectable stud-groom, Mr. Worley, was at the head of the Duke of York's stud for many years. His late Majesty, William IV., in his capacity when Duke of Clarence, of Ranger of Bushy-park, necessarily came in contact with the racing establishment, which is, in fact, on the territorial domain over which the rangership extends, and this circumstance appears to have given him his first affection for the favorites of his brothers, and his first insight into anything connected with racing or the breeding of racers, it being well known that in his early life his pursuits were quite unconnected with sporting. When William IV., however, came to the throne, he appears, with that strong good sense with which he was always directed, to have seen the almost national importance of giving encouragement to a sport which had become a national characteristic, and by which, indirectly, a breed of horses had been created which, by various crosses, and through various generations, had had the effect of rendering the British cavalry superior to any other cavalry in the world, and which, within a few years, had turned the attention of many agriculturalists, noblemen, and gentlemen of landed property, to the further breeding of horses, and created an important and lucrative branch of commerce with foreign nations. In consequence of this, the greatest attention was paid to the arrangement and management of the stud at Hampton-court, which, under the immediate superintendence of Col. Wemyss, Equerry to the late King, and the subordinate experience and skill of Mr. Worley, whose name has been already mentioned, has flourished and increased in reputation; indeed, nothing can be more admirable than the manner in which the whole has been conducted, whether in respect to the details of the arrangement of the various stables and paddocks, the cares bestowed upon the rearing of the stock, the regulations with regard to the disposal of them, or the economy with which the expenses have been restrained without anything approaching to penuriousness or want of judicious liberality.

His late Majesty, who seems to have walked through the paddocks with the same vigilance with which, when a Captain in the navy, he trod the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, was a frequent visitor at Hampton-court, and on those occasions he directed his attention to the most minute disarrangement of what he considered very properly to be a matter of importance. It has been said, and very truly, that "he had a terrible quick eye to anything wrong, and if there was a rail or pale out of place in the fence, he was sure to see it." This vigilance has been most effective in preventing accidents to the colts and fillies, and to infusing through all persons employed in the establishment an increased zeal and circumspection. It may be as well at once to describe the locality occupied by the stud. It is situated on the right and left of the road leading from Hampton-court to Kingston, at about a quarter of a mile beyond the great entrance of Bushy-park, on the way to Kingston. The whole ground plot contains 131 acres. The grass is exceedingly good, being in many places full of natural clover, and having none of the sourness which is so offensive and so detrimental to horses. On the right hand side of the road the paddocks are sheltered by very lofty and shady trees, and are consequently much warmer than those on the left hand, which have not the same advantage. The ground is divided into a great number of distinct paddocks, varying in dimensions from two to five acres each. Every one of these paddocks is divided from the others by high palings, and by railings, and in every one is an excellently contrived covered shed or box for the tenants of the paddocks. The greatest attention has been bestowed on the locks, bars, &c., and on the manner of the opening of the gates and bars, to prevent any accidents to the young stock, all which minutiæ a person not conversant with the great difficulty in rearing young stock, and the prevention of the endless mishaps which attend the slightest inattention to such things, apparently of little moment, are of the greatest importance. The stallions are not suffered to run at large in their respective paddocks, but are confined to the houses attached to them, except on occasions of being exercised, but the mares and foals enjoy a greater degree of liberty, and run loose. They are exceedingly tame and gentle, and no sooner does Mr. Worley enter the paddock than the possessors of it run up to him, or obey his call to them with the docility of a spaniel. By command of his late Majesty, no stock (with the exception of the stallions and brood mares) are kept in the establishment as Royal property after a twelvemonth old, but colts and fillies purchased from the Royal stud are allowed to remain, payment being made for their subsequent care and keep. The sale of the produce of the Royal stud took place annually at Tattersall's, on the Monday preceding the running for the Derby, at Epsom. At these sales the stock always maintained a high character, and fetched good prices, varying from 500*l.* to 40*l.* for each colt or filly. Nine lots were purchased last year for America. The Americans, as all breeders know, are making great progress in rearing of the best horses, and are already in possession of the two celebrated horses, Glencoe and Rowton, and of several others of well-known character, and many other lots of the Royal stud have been purchased by agents from the continental countries. Within these few weeks foreigners from almost all parts of the continent have been at Hampton court to view the stud, and it is not unlikely without considerable effort be made at the approaching sale by English bidders, that many of the best lots may find their way to the establishments at Chantilly or Mendon, at which last-named place so many English racers are to be found. The Royal stud at the present moment contains four stallions and 42 brood mares, besides 13 colt foals of 1837, and 18 filly foals of the same year. They are all of them of the highest order of blood, and such as are fitting to constitute the collection of the Monarch of a people who are pre-eminent in breeding and rearing of the noblest animal in the creation.

Bell's Life in London.

DONCASTER MEETING.

The gathering at Doncaster this year has certainly been very inferior to what former meetings have produced, while the sport has also been far less interesting than usual; indeed, as a whole, the present affair shewed in every feature the strongest *symptoms of decline*, which candour compels me to declare to be the case. I sincerely hope that the pruning knife may be instantly applied to the bad parts (if there be any) in the structure, and commensurate means taken to preserve and increase the healthy portion, so that we may again see Doncaster Races as they were in the olden time. The Southerns have *caravan*'d to the "North Countree" the fortunate winner of the Leger—fortunate, I say, for to *accident and sheer luck*, perhaps, he was indebted to his good fortune. Mango was accompanied in his caravan by the same horse that kept Elis company last year, "The Drummer;" and surely The Drummer and a caravan must have got the wizard's spell or Fortunatus's cap. Go on but another year in this way, and every man upon the Turf will consider a caravan an indispensable portion of his establishment. Indeed Doncaster was this year graced by no less than four of these vehicles, made for the expeditious transportation of race-horses. "Ah!" said an old Sportsman, "time was when horses walked from place to place, and we only rode in carriages; but now things are altered; horses have their carriages, win the money from our pockets, and leave us *to walk* home—certainly *lighter* in *weight*." However, be they Southerns or be they Northerns, I care not, so long as my old favourite maxim stands pre-eminent—"MAY THE BEST HORSE WIN!"

I now proceed to detail the sport.

MONDAY, September 25.—The directors of the weather office must have had some awful bad looks on the great Race, for they ushered in the commencement of the sport by shedding tears in streams, and produced us a wet and uncomfortable prospect, while the bill of novelties was but very scanty.

The Fitzwilliam Stake produced us three at the start as under:—

Mr. Bell's b. f. *Miss Eliza*, by Humphrey Clinker, d. by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs... Nicholson. 1
Mr. S. L. Fox's b. f. Teresa, by Langar, out of Lady of the Tees, 3 yrs.... J. Cartwright. 2
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. h. Whitefoot, by Young Blacklock, 6 yrs.......... S. Rogers.... 3

Miss Eliza (so named after her worthy owner's daughter) was the favorite "belle," and freely backed at 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on her.—Whitefoot *footed* the dance first at a good speed, going from his horses about two lengths, Teresa following second, and the favorite last. Thus they came up to the distance, when Miss Eliza bade "adieu" to the party, went a-head, and won her race very easy by two lengths.

Out of twenty-four aspirants to treat the Club with Champagne, but half a dozen were found to put their wishes to the test, which half a dozen (the Red House Start) are enumerated as under:—

Ld Chesterfield's b. c. *Don John*, by Tramp or Waverley, out of Sharpset's d.. W. Scott 1
Duke of Leed's b. f. Barbarian, by Brutandorf.......................... Templeman 2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. The Fairy Queen, by Brutandorf, out of Fickle...... S. Rogers.. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. by Velocipede, out of Miss Fanny (Holmes); Lord Mexborough's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Apollonia (N. Flatman); and Mr. Orde's ch. c. Charley Boy, by Actæon, out of Tomboy's dam (Cartwright).

Sharpset, from shewing such *sharp* properties at York in the spring, and the influence of his friends, was first favorite at the small price of 6 to 4: 3 to 1 agst Barbarina, 4 to 1 agst Fairy Queen, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's colt.—Their first performance was a false go, but of no material consequence: they then effected a good start, Lord Mexborough's having the lead about half a length, Fairy Queen, Barbarina, and Mr. Powlett's colt being next in a perfect line, and the Sharpset colt in the rear. Thus at great speed they ran up to the distance, where Scott brought up his horse, went clear away from them, and won extremely easy by nearly two lengths, and producing a splendid contest between Barbarina, Fairy Queen, and Powlett's colt for the second place, the three being all in a lump. Barbarina only gained the second decree by about a head. Whether the three being all so close together can be considered good ones or not, I leave others to judge; but whether good, bad, or indifferent, it is certain they are no company for the winner, who, to handicap with them, should have 10lb. extra, if not more, put upon his saddle. He is a very fine horse, and will no doubt be a sterling favorite for the next St. Leger, as he is not in the Epsom Derby. Mr. Powlett's colt was fourth, Charley Boy fifth, and Mexborough's filly last. Much unpleasantness was experienced from the Printers of the Doncaster lists in their wisdom placing the name *David Gellatly* to the winner, by which many persons took the odds about David winning the Derby Stakes, supposing the winner to be that horse, whereas the winner is a very different animal, and not in the Derby.

Her Most Gracious Majesty's Guineas, four miles, then concluded the day's novelties, for which four contested:—

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. *Wentworth*, by Confederate, 4 yrs................. Holmes... 1
Mr. Osbaldeston's br. c. Mic-Mac, by Tramp, 3 yrs.......................... S. Rogers. 2
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Capulet, by Young Phantom, 3 yrs.................. N. Flatman 3
Mr J. W. S. M'Cance's gr. c. King of Rome, by Napoleon, 3 yrs.............. G. Taylor. 4

Five to 4 agst Wentworth, 6 to 4 agst Mic-Mac, and 4 to 1 agst Capulet.—Wentworth led at no pace to the hill, when Mic-Mac went out, sailed away furiously, leaving his horses a great way, and going at such a speed that by the time he reached the Stand the first time round, and consequently only half of the race run, Mic-Mac appeared to be dead run, and going in great distress; but the game properties of the animal kept him still going and preserving the lead to the hill the second time, when he again went out and left his horses some three or four lengths; but the best of properties may be thrown away, and Mic-Mac found, on reaching the distance, that Wentworth had reached him, for he there went up, passed him, and won very easy by three lengths. Capulet was defeated a long way, and the King of Rome (an Irish boy of great proportions) nearly distanced.

THE ST. LEGER DAY.

TUESDAY, September 19.—The dawn of day proclaimed a glorious prospect, which was realized by most beautiful weather.—A host of vehicles of every fashion and form kept pouring in without intermission until the hour of starting, but still the assemblage on the course, although numerous, was less than I ever witnessed on a Leger Day. At two o'clock the bell called for the Four-Year-Old Stake, which was quietly resigned to Wedge, on Lye's walking him over the course; and then came the consummation of the all-important secret on which conjecture and individual opinion had produced extensive speculations among great numbers. About three o'clock the different horses appeared on the course, and gained the respective situations enumerated as under:

Mr. Greville's br. c. *Mango*, Brother to Prescave, by Emilius, out of Mustard by Merlin—Morel, bo Sorcerer out of Horaby Lass, qy Buzzard.......................... S. Day. 1
Mr. G. O. Sairlie's ch. c. Abraham Newland, by Malek, out of Rachel by Amadis, grandam by Don Cossack, out of Nitre by Precipitate.......................... T. Lye. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. c. The Doctor, by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery out of Elizabeth by Walton (S. Templeman); Lord Exeter's b. c. Dardanelles, by Sultan out of Pawn by Waxy (G. Nelson); Lord Westminster's br. c. Cardinal Puff, by Pantaloon out of Puff by Waterloo (G. Edwards); Lord Exeter's b. c Troilus, by Priam out of Green Mantle by Sultan (S. Darling); Mr. Heseltine's br. c. Slashing Harry, by Voltaire—Arinette, by Wanton (R. Heseltine); Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Mahometan, brother to Mussulman, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews (J. Robinson); Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Dan Dawson (late Blakey Topping,) by Clinker, dam by Minos (J. Chapple); Mr. Thornhill's br. f. Egeria, Sister to Ceres, by Emilius out of Mangel Wurzel (P. Connelly); Mr. T. Walter's b. c. The Prime Warden, by Cadland out of Zarina by Morisco (H. Edwards); Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Henriade, by Voltaire out of Matilda by Comus, fell (J. Day); Mr. Bowes's ch. c. Epirus, Brother to Elis, by Langar out of Olympia by Sir Oliver, fell (W. Scott).

The odds at the moment of starting were 2 to 1 agst Epirus, 5 to 1 agst Mahometan, 7 to 1 against Cardinal Puff, 7 to 1 agst Mango, 10 to 1 agst The Doctor, 12 to 1 agst Slashing Harry, 25 to 1 agst Abraham Newland, 100 to 3 agst Egeria, and 40 to 1 agst Prime Warden: 14 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's lot.—After the usual parade, which was favored with the charms of most delicious weather, and presented one of the most beautiful scenes that can be conceived, they went up to the start, before which Dardanelles appeared very fretful, and had sweated himself very considerably. When they drew together, they all went off except Cardinal Puff, and therefore made a false start, from which, however, no serious results emanated, not one of them getting above two hundred yards away. The second attempt got them all well off together, The Doctor taking the lead for a short way, when Dan Dawson headed him, The Doctor, Dardanelles, Prime Warden, and Egeria being all close at his side and in his quarters. Behind these five lay Mango, Cardinal Puff, Henriade, and Slashing Harry, with Epirus, Abraham Newland, and Troilus close at hand: in fact, the whole were in one complete unbroken lump. In this order they sailed at a very bad pace to the first gravel road, where Dardanelles went to the front, and took the lead, the other horses keeping their positions as before enumerated, excepting Mango and Epirus, both of whom kept creeping a little more forward, and the several horses got rather more disentangled, though all kept in good positions. On arriving at the dip of the hill to ascend it, Epirus, who was on the inside of the course, from want of room got upon the bank of the ditch, and ran for above thirty yards tottering and struggling to keep himself from falling, and ploughing the turf at every stroke as he went on. Unfortunately the horse at last failed to keep up, and he fell with great force into the ditch, throwing Scott the contrary way on to the course, when Prime Warden, who was just behind, ran over him, and struck Scott with his hind leg over his left shoulder, by which, I regret to say, he received a severe fracture of the collar-bone. The horse (Epirus) however, got up, and ran on in the race with the other horses without his rider, and thus the first favorite, which had been backed freely at 2 to 1, was speedily disposed of. Continuing our notice of the race, Dardanelles maintained his lead over the hill, where Cardinal Puff began to draw to the front horses, which here were, The Doctor, Egeria, Troilus, and Henriade, and crept fast upon Dardanelles, from whom he took the lead at the Red House, and hence Cardinal Puff, who was then very full of running, made the play, accompanied closely by The Doctor, Dardanelles, and Troilus, behind whom were Abraham Newland, Mango, Henriade, and Egeria, and the whole of the field in good places: coming in this order at an improved speed to the Four Mile Starting Post, when, we are sorry to add, another accident befell them, by a large greyhound running into the course from the exercise-ground, and first disappointed Dardanelles, who stopped himself a little to avoid the animal, and, after causing vast confusion, at last came in collision with Henriade, and threw him down, the horse sliding and ploughing out the sods for a distance of about thirteen yards before he fell, and threw John Day upon his (the horse's) neck.—Henriade at the time of the accident was running quite within himself, and his rider sitting perfectly still and quiet in apparent confidence, when he was thus instantaneously thrown completely out of the race. The clang of war's alarms now began between Dardanelles, The Doctor, and Cardinal Puff, here the leading horses; but on reaching the Distance Post, The Doctor had disposed of both and looked like winning, when Abraham Newland (who till then had remained quietly behind at hand along with Mango, Troilus, and some others) came forward and challenged The Doctor, whom in a short distance he defeated with difficulty. Immediately after, close with the Doctor and Abraham Newland, came up a second time Dardanelles and Cardinal Puff, the four making a most beautiful contest, each rider being compelled to use the whipcord and steel; but Abraham Newland maintained his mastery about a neck over the three. On reaching the stand, Mango, who from the Red House had lain in the second line of horses, and appeared to be shut out, now ran up, and made a desperate and tremendous rush between The Doctor and Abraham Newland, both of whom he ran against, and knocked the two horses out of their line, to get through, which he thus effected, and won, with smart punishment to keep his place, by about three quarters of a length; Abraham Newland gaining the cool hundred for being second about a neck. The Doctor was third, Dardanelles fourth, Cardinal Puff fifth, and the four all in a lump together. Close up behind were Slashing Harry and Troilus; Mahometan, Dan Dawson, and Egeria beat off some lengths, and Prime Warden last of the throng—Epirus and Henriade of course not running it out. Indeed I give the horses and riders in the respective order in which they came home.—As a Leger race I hesitate not to assert that it was one of the worst as to pace I ever remember to have witnessed—the proof of its being so being the circumstance of the whole of the field keeping well together during the whole of the race. The friends of Epirus expressed the greatest confidence, and declare that the accident could only have prevented the horse winning; while John Day declares, that when Henriade was thrown down, he had at the time the greatest confidence in his horse. Really the practice of dogs being taken to race-courses calls for some immediate regulations to prevent their appearance at such a place, where their presence is fraught with danger to human life. Day, we are happy to say, was no worse for his fall, but his horse was injured in his loins, and was really very weak in that part the next day. Scott, I fear, will be long ere he recovers from his fractured shoulder, though, with pleasure I say it, he is doing as well as under the circumstances could be expected, and I heartily wish him a speedy recovery: but never more shall we see him ride in public, he having determined to retire from the profession: and thus I notice the last appearance on the British Turf of Mr. William Scott, on which he has so long successfully worn victorious laurels. Abraham Newland was amiss, and had been coughing some days; indeed it was very doubtful whether his owner would start him or not.

After the confusion always attendant on the conclusion of the St. Leger had subsided, the Cleveland Stake, one mile, next claimed attention, and produced an interesting contest with three:—

Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, out of Tomboy's d., 4 y, 8 st 3 lb.. Cartwright 1
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Wedge, by Picton, out of Vat, 4 yrs, 8 st .... T. Lye 2
Mr. Heseltine's br c The Bard, by Waverley, out of Castrellina, 4 y 7st 12 lb .. Heseltine 3

Betting,—2 to 1 on Bee's-wing, who took a slight lead, was never headed, and won cleverly by about two lengths.

The Two year old Produce, T. Y. C., brought out three young ones to conclude the day's sport. These were—

D. of Leed's gr. c. Vertumnus, by Actæon or Velocipede, d. Rhodocantha .. Templeman 1
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. by Priam, out of Rowton's dam, by Woful .... N. Flatman 2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. by Sultan, out of Torelli, by Cerberus .... J. Day 3

Betting,—6 to 4 on the Rowton filly. They all came away close together up the distance post, Torelli colt being there defeated. The other two then got heads together, and ran a tremendous race home, where Vertumnus won with great difficulty by a head.

WEDNESDAY.—Most beautiful weather, and a fair attendance to witness a dreadful bad day's sport.

First—The Handicap Stake, one mile, was walked over for by Mr. Allen's b. f. Promise, 4yrs, 7 st 2 lb. Secondly—

Mr. Heseltine's br. c. Slashing Harry walked over for the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 10 subs., two miles. Thirdly—

The SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added. St. Leger Course.

Mr. Rhode's br. c. *Conservative*, by Voltaire, out of Sal, by Reveller, 3 yrs ..... T. Lye 1
Mr. Walter's ch. g. Sir Feliz, by Blacklock or Langar, dam by Abjer, 5 yr .. H. Edwards 2

Betting,—5 to 1 on Conservative. As Sir Felix was started *to win a horse* rather than the Stake, it proved no race, Conservative taking the lead, and Sir Felix never going near him. Of course Conservative was immediately claimed, according with the articles, for 200 sovs., both seller and buyer being perfectly satisfied, I dare say.

The Corporation Plate, heats, two miles, then closed the day's diversion, being won at three heats by Mr. Clarke's b. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Roue's dam, rode by a tiny jockey called Francis, beating cleverly Mr. Gascoigne's Rebecca and Mr. Aglionby's Peterel. Betting,—3 to 1 on Rebecca, who was bought before the race for 400 gs., which some judges declare was *paying too dear for the whistle.*

The settling in the betting rooms was on the whole pretty pleasantly arranged. The great bulk of the winnings have gone to the party immediately connected with the Stable; while the losers, though very numerous, are not heavy, excepting perhaps one or two whose names emblazon the pages of the Peerage. A few absentees we heard enquired after; but it is confidently rumored time will set the *bolters* straight again.

THURSDAY.—The weather was most beautiful, and the attendance of company from the neighboring country (the Cup Day being always considered a holiday by the surrounding rustics) was very numerous; indeed, the numbers present I should say exceeded that of the Leger day.

The Three Year Old Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., St. Leger Course (14 subs.), *a plum for the winner*, was the first contest, and, as is often the case though a rich prize, did not succeed in gaining a superior field. Three shewed—

Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. *Mahometan*, by Muley .... J. Robinson 1
Mr. Ridsdale's Mic-Mac, by Tramp, out of Octavia, by Walton .... S. Rogers 3
Duke of Leeds's br. c. Wrestler, by Waverley, dam by Reveller, out of Lisette.. T. Lye 2

Betting,—5 to 4 against Mahometan, and 2 to 1 against Wrestler. Mic-Mac made play at certainly a bad pace, Wrestler following second, and Mahometan last, this sort of line being kept to the distance, when Wrestler went to Mic-Mac, and commenced a *wrestling match;* but while the two were engaged struggling, Robinson, on the outside, went by them with Mahometan, and won his race extremely easy.

The Two Year Old Stake, one mile, a landmark of future interest for the succeeding St. Leger Stake, next called attention. For this twelve "good men and true" entered the scales—

Mr. H. Coombe's ch. c. *Cobham*, by The Colonel, out of Fredetica, by Moses .. Edwards 1
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Bro. to Henriade, by Voltaire, out of Matilda, by Comus .. Lye 2
Col. Craufurd's br c by Priam, out of Mermaid, sis. to The Mole by Whalebone .. Holmes 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Osbaldeston's b. f. The Fairy Queen, by Brutandorf, out of Fickle (J. Rogers); Mr. Wilkin's br. c. Wee Willie, by Liverpool, out of Abraham Newland's dam (J. Day), Mr. T. O. Powlett's bl. c. by Velocipede, out of Miss Fanny, by Walton (N. Flatman); Duke of Leeds's b. f. Barbarina, by Brutandorf, out of Sister to Redstart, by Whisker (S. Templeman); Mr. T. Wrather's gr. c. Hackfall, by Actæon, dam by Comus (Cartwright); Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actæon, out of Purity, by Octavian (G. Nelson); Lord Westminster's br. c. Richard Roe, by Pantaloon, out of Medina (G. Edwards); Mr. Webster's gr. c. Knochlani, by the Arabian Harlequin (W. Taylor): and Duke of Leeds's Arcturus (S. Day, jun.)

The odds at the start were 3 to 1 against Brother to Henriade, 3 to 1 against Cobham, 3 to 1 against Richard Roe, 6 to 1 against Fairy Queen, and 8 to 1 against Barbarina. The fates appeared determined that the contest should be fraught with misfortune, and as the ballad says, "misfortunes seldom come single 'tis plain," so it proved.—First, Arcturus, in going to start, after being mounted, fell lame, and was compelled to retire. Next came a false start, in which all got off but Col. Craufurd's colt and Kachlani, and went some distance; and then came another false start, in which Richard Roe, Mr. Powlett's colt, Lord Kilburne's filly, and Wee Willie ran very hot to the Red House before they could be stopped. In the succeeding attempt they went away at a great speed, leaving Richard Roe and Kochlani at the start, and proceeded to run out the race, Colonel Craufurd's colt, Hackfall, Barbarina, and Fairy Queen being in the front, with the others close at hand, Mr. Powlett's colt and Wee Willie laying in the rear. Thus they ran to the Red House, when Barbarina pulled a little behind, and Brother to Henriade took her position, forcing the running to the turn or bend of the course, where Cobham went up, and with Brother to Henriade, Colonel Craufurd's colt, Lord Kilburne's filly, Fairy Queen, and Hacfall, ran all well in front to within the distance: Here Cobham, Brother to Henriade, Colonel Craufurd's colt shot out clear of the crowd, and after a prettyish race Cobham won by above a length cleverly, Fairy Queen being fourth, though not placed. An objection was made to the start, and the complaint investigated by the Stewards, who after examining the several Jockeys, declared the start a fair one.

The succeeding contest was for the Gold Shield, a very beautiful ticle, richly chased, and representing in bold relief the passage of the Granicus gained by Alexander the Great over the Persians—certainly a splendid piece of workmanship. This tempted five to contend for its possession. These were—

Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax, 4 yrs .... J. Cartwright 1
Lord Westminster's br. c. Cardinal Puff, 3 yrs .... N. Flatman 2
Mr. J. O. Fairlie's ch. c. Abraham Newland, 3 yrs .... T. Lye 3
Mr. Thornhill's Egeria, by Emilius, 3 yrs .... R. Pettit 4
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Dan Dawson, 3 yrs .... S. Rogers 5

Betting,—6 to 5 against Bee's-wing, 7 to 4 against Abraham Newland, and 4 to 1 against Cardinal Puff. Bee's-wing took the lead, and made running at a bad pace, Abraham Newland following her, second, and Egeria third, Cardinal Puff fourth, and Dan Dawson last. This order was maintained to over the hill, when the whole attempted to go up to the mare; but she was never headed, and won her race all the way almost in a canter, landing amid the cheers of the populace. Cardinal Puff and Abraham Newland ran a beautiful race for the second honor.

The Gascoigne Stake was next decided by Cardinal Puff walking over, and thus ended the fourth day's sport.

In consequence of a notice fixed in the betting room, a meeting was held this morning of the noblemen and gentlemen supporters of the Turf at the Club House, to take into consideration the best means of renovating the Doncaster Meeting from its apparent decline; at which it was proposed and determined to alter the entry for the St. Leger Stake to the same principles as those of the Epsom Derby and Oaks' Stake, and name when yearlings; so that on the 1st of January next nominations will be made for two St. Leger Stakes: that is, for the next year and for 1839. The weights were also altered—colts to carry 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies 8 st. 2 lb. At this meeting the Duke of Cleveland and C. C. Greville, Esq., were appointed Stewards for next year.

FRIDAY.—The weather was truly beautiful, and considering it was the last day of the meeting, the company very numerous. The sport, however, though upon the cards it looked *quant. suff.*, proved but very so so.

The Hornby Castle Stake was taken by Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. c. The Doctor walking over.

The Fillies' Stake of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation, 8 st. 4 lb. each, St. Leger Course, presented to moral calculation a *certainty*—only two at the start, and one the winner of the Epsom Oaks.

Mr. Blakelock's bl. Yarico, by Waverley!.. T. Lye 1
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. Miss Letty, by Priam .... J. Holmes 2

Of course the speculators had to lay 5 and 6 to 1 on Miss Letty, who took the lead, made strong running, and gave her backers such confidence that even 10 to 1 in running was freely offered and bet upon her; but this was no sooner done than Yarico at the distance went to her, ran a short way with her, and then went ahead, and won her race very cleverly by two lengths. Miss Letty was considered as fit as human judgment could make her, and no excuse can be admitted for her defeat: therefore the tale is clearly told, *the Oaks' mares of this year are bad*, for Yarico's running never proved her good since she came out on the Turf.

Mr. S. L. Fox's bl. c. The Doctor seemed to be in good practice *for receiving fees*, he again turning out to walk over for the Scarborough Stake, one mile, after some little arrangement *behind the Curtain* with the owner of Slashing Harry.

A Sweepstakes Handicap, for two and three year olds, one mile, induced four to try their fortunes—

Mr. Heseltine's br. c. Cowboy, 3 yrs, 7 st 11 lb .... R. Heseltine 1
Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Actæon, 2 yrs, 7 st .... T. Lye 2
Lord Mexborough's ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Apollonia, 2 yrs, 6 st 8 lb ...... H. Neale 3
Mr. Webster's gr. c. Kochlani, 2 yrs, 6 st .... G. Francis 4

As a proof of the public estimation and the Handicapper's abilities, 2 to 1 was laid on Cowboy, who took the lead, was never headed, and won very easy.

The old prize, the Town Plate, and the usual tail-piece of the meeting, then produced three heats; the prize being won by Mr. Heseltine's The Bard (R. Heseltine), beating easy Mr. Bell's Miss Eliza, Mr. G. Clark's br. c. by Sir Hercules, out of Roue's dam, and Mr. Osbaldeston's Mic-Mac. The Bard pulled up after the last heat very lame: and thus closed the Doncaster Budget.

Doncaster, Sept. 25, 1837. ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

London (Old) Sporting Mag. for Oct.

SPORTS AT ABBOTSFORD.

The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the staunchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing net, and attended by his humorous squire Hinves, and Charles Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fishermen of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip, and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphrey Davy, Dr. Wallaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty, to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we could reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety lamp. He had come for his favorite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this, but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's, on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brims, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-books worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble serene dignity of countenance, might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jackets, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as absolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntley Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

* * * * * *

The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when the Lady Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the back ground:—Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

"What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae maer,
And wow! but I was vogie!"

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on. This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail along with the greyhounds and terriers; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More, and Lady Morgan (as Ann Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irvine says of the old white-haired hedger, with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."

* * * * * * *

On reaching Newark Castle, we found Lady Scott, her eldest daughter, and the venerable Mackenzie, all busily engaged in unpacking a basket that had been placed in their carriage, and arranging the luncheon it contained upon the mossy rocks overhanging the bed of the Yarrow. When such of the company as chose had partaken of this refection, the Man of Feeling resumed his pony, and all ascended the mountain, duly marshalled at proper distances, so as to beat in a broad line over the heather, Sir Walter directing the movement from the right wing—towards Blackandro. Davy, next to whom I chanced to be riding, laid his whip about the fern like an experienced hand, but cracked many a joke, too, upon his own jack-boots, and surveying the long eager battalion of bush-rangers, exclaimed "Good heavens! is it thus that I visit the scenery of the Lay of the Last Minstrel?" He then kept muttering to himself, as his glowing eye—(the finest and brightest that I ever saw)—ran over the landscape, some of those beautiful lines from the *Conclusion* of the Lay—

——————— "But still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath,
When throstles sung in Hareheadshaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke," &c.

Mackenzie, spectacled though he was, saw the first sitting hare, gave the word to slip the dogs, and spurred after them like a boy. All the seniors, indeed, did well as long as the course was upwards, but when puss took down the declivity, they halted and breathed themselves upon the knoll—cheering gaily, however, the young people, who dashed at full speed past and below them. Coursing on such a mountain is not like the same sport over a set of fine English pastures. There were gulfs to be avoided, and bogs enough to be threaded—many a stiff nag stuck fast—many a bold rider measured his length among the peat-hags—and

another stranger to the ground besides Davy plunged neck-deep into a treacherous well-head, which, till they were floundering in it, had borne all the appearance of a piece of delicate green turf. When Sir Humphrey emerged from his involuntary bath, his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled water-cresses, Sir Walter received him with a triumphant *encore*. But the philosopher had his revenge, for joining soon afterwards in a brisk gallop, and Scott put Sibyl Grey to a leap beyond her prowess, and lay humbled in the ditch, while Davy, who was better mounted, cleared it and him at a bound. Happily, there was little damage done—but no one was sorry that the sociable had been detained at the foot of the hill.

* * * * * * *

There was a solemn bout of salmon-fishing for the neighboring gentry and their families, instituted originally, I believe, by Lord Somerville, but now, in his absence, conducted and presided over by the Sheriff. Charles Purdie, already mentioned, had charge (partly as lessee) of the salmon fisheries for three or four miles of the Tweed, including all the water attached to the lands of Abbotsford, Gala, and Allwyn; and this festival had been established with a view, besides other considerations, of recompensing him for the attention he always bestowed on any of the lairds or their visitors that chose to fish either from the banks or the boats, within his jurisdiction. His selection of the day, and other precautions generally secured an abundance of sport for the great anniversary; and then the whole party assembled to regale on the newly caught prey, broiled, grilled, and roasted, in every variety of preparation, beneath a grand old ash, adjoining Charlie's cottage at Boldside, on the northern margin of the Tweed, about a mile above Abbotsford. This banquet took place earlier in the day or later, according to circumstances; but it often lasted till the harvest moon shone on the lovely scene and its revellers. * * Sometimes the evening closed with a "burning of the water;" and then the Sheriff, though not so agile as when he practised that rough sport in the early times of Ashestiel was sure to be one of the party in the boat—held a torch, or perhaps took the helm, and seemed to enjoy the whole thing as heartily as the youngest of the company.

Lockhart's Life of Scott.

LONDON POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—A few weeks since, a young chimney-sweeper, named Cane, was brought before Mr. Chambers, charged by the police with having been seen lying about the streets for a length of time, in a state of miserable destitution.

The boy, when questioned, told the magistrates he had been unable to get any one to employ him, as he had grown too big for climbing work, and also that he had for some weeks been subsisting, or rather starving, on what he could obtain from the charitable.

Mr. Chambers humanely gave the boy a letter to the Refuge for the Destitute, and, as nothing further was heard of the lad, it was presumed that the recommendation had been effectual. The boy, however, made his appearance again at the office, and was allowed to see the magistrate.

Mr. Chambers—Well, my lad, what do you want with me now?

Boy—I only come out o' pris'n this morning, so I come to pay a wisit to your Vorship.

Mr. Chambers—What, havn't they washed your face during the time you were there?

Boy—Oh yes, its vos vite enough when I come out, but I blacked it myself.

Mr. Chambers—By sweeping some chimney I suppose?

Boy—No, I borrowed some soot from the bag of a gemman as I know'd, and made myself fit to be seen.

Mr. Chambers—Why did you do so?

Boy—'Cos I vos so wery incomfortable, and I know'd it vos quite unnatterel to have a clean face of a veek day. None of my old pals vouldn't offer to know me ven I spoke to 'em.

Mr. Chambers—Your taste is a very singular one indeed.

[From a hint that was thrown out to the Bench, there was good reason to suppose that the black job was not so much a matter of taste on the part of the operator as of prudence, for a clean face, on any other day than a Sunday, was as indicative of Tothil-fields to a chimney-sweep as a cropped head to a pickpocket of a visit to the tread-mill.]

Mr. Chambers—Did you get admitted into the Refuge?

Boy—Ven I vent they told me to come again in a fortnight, but, as I hadn't no money nor no lodging, I vos hobligated to sleep in the streets, so I got took up again, and then I vos sent for a month to pris'n. I only come out this here wery morning.

Mr. Chambers—Did they give you anything at the prison when you were discharged?

Boy—Not nuffin, and I'm now vorser off than afore, 'cos if there vos vork nobody vouldn't give me none arter they know'd I'd been in quod.

Mr. Chambers—It's a hard case, but I don't know what to do for you. I'll give you a shilling to help you to get work.

The boy took the shilling thankfully, and went away.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—BELLAMY'S.

Now, when you have taken your seat in the kitchen, and duly noticed the large fire and roasting-jack at one end of the room, the little table for washing glasses and draining jugs at the other, the clock over the window opposite St. Margaret's Church, the deal tables and wax candles, the damask table cloths and bare floor, the plate and china on the tables, and the gridiron on the fire, and a few other anomalies, peculiar to the place, we will point out to your notice two or three of the people present, whose station or absurdities render them the most worthy of remark.

It is half-past twelve o'clock; and as the division is not expected for an hour or two, a few members are lounging away the time here, in preference to standing at the bar of the house, or sleeping in one of the side galleries. That singularly awkward and ungainly-looking man, in the brownish white hat, with the straggling black trowsers, which reach about half way down the leg of his boots, who is leaning against the meat-screen, apparently deluding himself into the belief that he is thinking about something, is a splendid sample of a Member of the House of Commons concentrating in his own person the wisdom of a constituency. Observe the wig, of a dark hue but indescribable color; for if it be naturally brown, it has acquired a black tint by long service; and if it be naturally black, the same cause has imparted to it a tinge of rusty brown; and remark how very materially the great blinker-like spectacles assist the expression of that most intelligent face. Seriously speaking, did you ever see a countenance so expressive of the most hopeless extreme of heavy dulness, or behold a form so strangely put together? He is no great speaker, but when he *does* address the House, the effect is absolutely irresistible. The small gentleman with the sharp nose, who has just saluted him, is a Member of Parliament, an ex-alderman, and a sort of amateur fireman. He and the celebrated fireman's dog were observed to be remarkably active at the conflagration of the two Houses of Parliament; they both ran up and down, and in and out, getting under people's feet and into everybody's way, fully impressed with the belief that they were doing a great deal of good, and barking tremendously. The dog went quietly back to his kennel with the engine; but the other gentleman kept up such an incessant noise for some weeks after the occurrence, that he became a positive nuisance. As no more parliamentary fires have occurred, however, and he has consequently had no more opportunities of writing to the newspapers to relate how, by way of preserving pictures, he cut them out of their frames, and performed other great national services, he has gradually relapsed into his old state of calmness and obscurity.

Sketches by Boz.

ANECDOTE OF LOCKE.—It is said that a particular person, whose name is not mentioned, but with whom Locke had contracted an intimate friendship in the earlier part of his life, was afterwards discovered by him to be extremely base and treacherous. This false friend had not only taken every method privately of doing Mr. Locke whatever injury he could with those with whom he was connected, but also went off with a large sum of money that was his property, at a time when he knew it must involve him in considerable difficulties. Mr. Locke felt severely for the perfidy of his friend, and was to the last degree surprised when informed of the various arts he had made use of to injure him. All intercourse between them was now broken off, and for a long time he heard nothing of him, nor knew what became of him. But many years after, one morning, while he was at breakfast, at the time he was one of the lords of trade and plantations, word was brought him, that a man in a very shabby habit requested the honor of speaking to him. Mr. Locke, with the politeness and humanity that were natural to him, immediately ordered him to be admitted; and found to his great astonishment, his old friend reduced, by a life of cunning and extravagance, to the greatest poverty and distress, and come to solicit his forgiveness and implore his assistance. Mr. Locke looked at him for some time very steadfastly, without speaking one word. At length, taking out a fifty pound note, he presented it to him, with the following remarkable declaration:—"Though I sincerely forgive your behavior to me, yet I must never put it in your power to injure me a second time. Take this trifle, which I give, not as a mark of my former friendship, but as a relief to your present wants, and consign to the service of your necessities, without recollecting how little you deserve it. No reply! it is impossible to regain my good opinion; for know, friendship once injured, is for ever lost."

FOSTER'S REPRINTS OF ENGLISH PERIODICALS.—Subscribers to these works, consisting of the Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Foreign Quarterly Review, the London and Westminster Review, and Blackwood's, Edinburgh, and the Metropolitan Magazines, are respectfully notified that these esteemed works are now published by the subscriber to the latest period received—the Reviews including the July numbers published in London in August, and the Magazines to September, inclusive, received on the 6th instant, per the packet ship England.
[o21-3t] WILLIAM LEWER, corner of Broadway and Pine-st.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side. Apply to
[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.
1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Gulia Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elnine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.
Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———
To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.
Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor*.

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ON the 2d Tuesday in November next the races over the Milledgeville Course will commence, in the following order.

First Day—Mile heats, for colts, a fine Silver Pitcher and Cup, worth	$150
Second Day—Two mile heats, free for all, Purse	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, free for all, Purse	600
Fourth Day—Four mile heats, free for all, Purse	800
Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	350

☞ The money to be hung up each day.
☞ The Races to be governed by the Rules of the Lafayette Course, Augusta.
[o14] HENRY F. YOUNG & Co., *Proprietors*.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—
Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.
Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

ANNUAL RACES.—Will come off the Third Tuesday in Nov. 1837.
First day—Four mile heats,
Second day—Three mile heats,
Third day—Two mile heats,
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5,
} Free for all horses.

On the day previous a Stake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old; 14 subs.; $200 ent., h. ft.; Two mile heats. Closed.
Col. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Godolphin.
Col. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Bertrand, jun.
P. M. Butler names produce of Symmetry and Godolphin.
J. H. Hammond names produce of Arcadian and Eclipse.
J. J. Mickle names produce of Young Grand Duchess and Yeman.
John McLean names produce of Lady Burk and Herr Cline.
W. Thompson names produce of Sally Hopkin and Red-gauntlet.
W. E. Haskell names produce of Amanda and Rob Roy.
P. McRae names produce of a Bedford Mare and Godolphin.
Col. Singleton names produce of Phenomena and Luzborough.
M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances and Bertrand
Col. W. C. Beatty names produce of Stockholder Mare and Eclipse.
F. J. Henderson names produce of Pacolet Mare and Bertrand.
Col. J. J. Mickle names produce of Virginia Mare and Yeman.

On the Monday following the annual races, the Hampton Plate will be run for according to the following Resolution of the Club.

Resolved, That the entrance for the Hampton Plate shall be equal to the value of the Plate—shall be reinstated in Plate of the same value and description, to be run for annually the day after the regular races—distance, Two mile heats. Free for all horses carrying their appropriate weights. [S2-4t] G. STALKER, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor*.

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.
James M. Henderson. | Major J. M. Starke.
W. R. Smith. | Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major Wm. Eadins.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.
Major J. D. Williams, | Major J. M. Starke,
William Noland, | Major J. D. Williams,
M. R. Smith, | Capt. A. Griffin.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.
[S2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the BASCOMBE COURSE will come off on the 21st of November next, and continue five days. First day, a Post Sweepstakes, for colts and fillies, three years old, spring 1837, two mile heats, $500 entrance, $300 forfeit, to close 1st September next—four entries.

Second day,	Jockey Club	Purse,	$500,	Two Mile Heats.
Third day,	do	do	700,	Three Mile Heats.
Fourth day,	do	do	1000,	Four Mile Heats.
Fifth day,	do	do	300,	Best 3 in 5.

All entries for the Sweepstakes to be addressed to the Secretary, enclosing note for forfeit, payable 1st November next. The money for each day's Purse hung up without discount. Entrance, five per cent. on the amount of purses. Stables and litter furnished by the proprietor gratis. EDW'D B. GALE Secretary.

☞ The Races at Huntsville, Columbus, Miss., and Greensboro, Ala., will be so arranged, as to give [illegible] coming in that direction time to get to Mobile and New Orleans for the Races. s19

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols
[Sept. 16 8t.] W. F. WRAAKS, 113, Fulton-street.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.
Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.
New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE.
Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [S17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.

Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.

Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day*.

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [illegible]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
COLUMBIA, S. C.	Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
FLORENCE, Ala.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
NEWBERRY C.H., S.C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
PHILADELPHIA.	Hunting Park Trotting Course, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
TARBORO', N. C.	Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
TALLAHASSEE, Fl.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
VICKSBURG, Miss.	Match, — heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

FIELD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

I never did, since I was a boy, and could handle a nine pound double-barrel, care two pins about grey partridge shooting. I never did, with flushed cheek and palpitating heart, enjoy shooting in preserves. It smells too much of the farm-yard and barn-door for me. When I have my mole-skin and high-lows on, I like work—I like the up-and-down-hill work of the mountains in Scotland and Ireland—I like to fag and be fagged—and I hate to find birds so thick and so close that you may pick them up from under your dog's nose, or turn them up like so many skulking young rabbits with the muzzle of your gun. I like to be kept upon the alert to just find game enough to fill your bag if you are a very good shot, and few enough that cook's little finger may cook them if you are a bad one. The man that has not in the dog-days followed the red-legged partridge through the rocky hills of Provence, Languedoc, and Spain, has not experienced to the full the excitement of shooting. Shooting in England, even on the thickest and roughest moors, is girl's play to it. To make my assertion palatable, let me sketch a sporting excursion or two that I used a few years ago annually to take.

Though, like many a better man, I have never had a farthing that I could call my own, I have endeavored in my time to see somewhat of the world—beyond sea and within sea. I have kept my horse, my dogs, and gun—I have kept—sometimes my word; and I have been able to make one in shooting parties, dinner parties, fishing parties, drinking parties, and other parties somewhat more expensive. I was no spunger, mind; I always paid my shot, but how in the name of fortune I raised the wherewithal is a mystery even to myself. That I did, is certain, and I have the consolation that I ruined no poor devil but myself in procuring and spending it. Well, I have had some good fun in my time, and have not (as far as pleasure goes) made bad use of a tough constitution and steely stamina. Not long since I found myself comfortably fixed—no matter how I contrived to raise the essentials—in one of the most luxurious cities of the sunny yet sappy south, videlicet, in the Greek-founded city of Marseilles. You may be sure, modest reader, that I was soon hand-and-glove with every man that had a gun and dog in the town, and that in the course of a couple of seasons I knew the country round as well as I did at the age of fourteen every inch of the bog on the borders of which I first saw smoke. I particularly cultivated the acquaintance of those (I repeat I never was a spunger) who had a chateau and a manor, and as the spirit of sportsmen is universally hospitable, I seldom wanted an invitation. There was one I invariably accepted, and as the inviter was a fellow without a fault, I cannot do better than immortalize him by chronicling his name.

Young Vachier was a junior partner in a Spanish house, and his father, a retired tobacconist, had been able, by frequent successful pranks played off upon the excise, to amass, by the time he was fifty, tin enough to purchase an old chateau, and an extensive tract of heath and wood about five leagues from Marseilles, a little to the south-east of Aix. The old man lived on his honestly-acquired estate, and cultivated the few productive portions of it, chiefly some half-dozen narrow vallies, growing Indian corn, grapes, almonds, olives, vegetables of every southern variety, and tobacco to a very considerable extent. He was a horrible skin-flint, and yet he allowed his son to invite twice a year—the first of August and the first of November, partridge and woodcock shooting seasons in that climate—a half-dozen or even ten friends to pass a week at the chateau, but then the old fellow decamped himself (he could not bear the modern manners of young France), and locked up every exotic, edible or drinkable, in his house, and left us to shift as well as we could with the productions of the farm. But we always came well provided, and the town of Aix not being far off, the chateau, its tables, beds, and kitchen were all we wanted at old Harpagon's hands.

The inmates of the dilapidated mansion were an old gamekeeper, the surliest brute alive—who not only would never go with us in our excursions, but would not allow his half-starved, though capital dogs, to follow us—and a fat maid-servant of all work. This latter article the old man would not (and I always praised his prudence) trust in our company, and she was consequently the companion of his temporary exile from the chateau. The consequence was that we were obliged to be all and every thing to ourselves—to be housemaid, cook, butler, sometimes butcher and baker, but as we always had two or three of the party who came to partake of our sport, not by killing, but by eating it, they made very excellent amateur domestics. Of all the party that visited periodically the chateau, there was but one decided sportsman. His name was Paul Donadieu, and he was a superb specimen of the plant-man—he was in height six feet two, four feet square in the shoulders, and scarcely "an eagle's talon in the waist;" he was of a clear olive complexion, thoroughly handsome, a fine scholar, but the most indolent sybarite that ever broke a widowed mother's heart. He was a sort of noir faineant at all times, except when he had his large shooting-bag strapped on his shoulder, his double-barrel on his arm, and his famous dog Triton before him. He was the pleasantest fellow alive to be with, but he had a nasty trick of smoking incessantly, and yet of always being without cigars (a bull), save when he could beg them of his companions.

I beg that all those gentlemen who are in the habit of an evening of making too free with their friend's tobacco—never calling for a screw themselves—may take the hint and leave off the ugly practice. Paul and I always set off on foot for the chateau, and leaving the others to get there by patache, a sort of vehicle between an Elephant and Castle fly, and a Gravesend and Chatham van, we, as soon as we cleared the viste (a high part of the Paris road about a league from Marseilles, from which the traveller gets a sudden first sight of the Mediterranean), struck into the hills, and began our campaign.

Our costume was little better than that of a low bandit. It consisted of a cotton check shirt, a course grey linen jacket, a wide pair of drawers of ditto, descending a little below the knees, long leather gaiters, and quintuple soled shoes, studded with small sharp headed hob-nails, the sole projecting a full half-inch beyond the upper leather, to protect the same from the mountain stones, a straw hat temporarily lined with vine leaves to prevent the sun-stroke, a red silk scarf tied round the loins to strengthen them, and to keep both viscera and trousers from hanging or falling too loosely, and a gourd suspended over the right shoulder, containing a mixture of cognac and water.

The red-leg partridge of the south of France is full a third larger than the grey; its plumage far handsomer, twice as strong, infinitely more fleet upon the wing, its flesh whiter, and in flavor—downright aromatic, glowing-into-the mouth flavor—in my humble opinion superior, primer beyond all comparison. The coveys in the country I am speaking about are never large, consisting of four or five birds at most, and the reason is that before they are strong upon the wing, many are destroyed by the lanky, lean, hungry shepherd dogs of the mountains. The birds that escape are consequently not only rare by the first of August, but are ten times shyer than our broken and shot-at coveys are in the month of November.

Now the labor is to scatter and tire them down, which not unfrequently takes a sharp pursuit of three or four or more hours to accomplish. The climate and the ground must be taken into consideration. You must imagine yourself walking under a burning sun, and upon hills, the soil of which is covered with sharp stones and prickly shrubs that your gaiters are not always proof against, and upon which no tree is found under which you may take momentary refuge from the heat, except the shadeless dwarf pine, which, what with its tupentine and resinous smell, and the arid cry of the untired cigalas among its branches, has the effect of adding fuel to the fire.

As long as the red-leg partridge keeps to the hills, they will allow neither man nor dog to approach within a hundred yards of them; so that you must drive them from hill to hill, crossing steep and frequently deep ravines, the paths into which and out of which consist of a mass of moveable square stones, in which you sink or slide, according as you ascend or descend them. You must have lungs equal to Sergeat Jackson's to be able to keep up the chace for any sufficient time, and I have known more than one acquaintance die of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the exertion of the kind I am speaking about.

When you have tired the birds down—when you have fagged and jaded and brought them to a state of swimming perspiration—in fact to a similar pickle with yourself—they will then condescend to quit the hills, and take a last long fly, a half league or so, that they may hide and cool themselves among the vines. You must not allow them time to recruit their vigor—take a pull at the diluted [illegible] milk in your gourd, put between your upper left-side gum and jaw an inch of good pig-tail (the best thing in the world to keep your mouth cool and fresh), and descend with seven-league strides into the vines, and if you meet with a stream of water (a rare occurrence), just allow your dog to have a lap, and to wash his paws, and then cock both your barrels. Do not flatter yourself that the birds will even now permit you to walk over them; if they rise at fifty yards consider yourself fortunate, and if your gun won't break their bones at sixty paces, I calculate you have but a poor chance of supping off roast partridges and [illegible] at the chateau in the evening.

My reader will perceive at a glance that in addition to good legs and loins it will be absolutely necessary "to squint straight," very, for a good morning's work will not afford you more than half a dozen chances. To be really successful, to have confidence in yourself, and to enjoy the thing, you must be as good a shot as our friend Paul—that is, be one of those who will, half in wonder, half in anger, d—n his own eyes if he misses one bird out of a dozen that he has a chance of covering on the gain side of eighty yards. I myself was generally able to drop five out of six, and Paul used to express himself satisfied with my prowess, considering that the muscles of my arms did not allow me to carry such weight of metal as he did, and consequently I was obliged to confine myself to a more limited range than he.

Our time was thus passed at the chateau. By five o'clock in the morning every soul was a foot—shooting gear was buckled on—guns squibbed and carefully loaded—coffee was prepared—a large cup each, baptized with brandy, was swallowed—cigars were lighted—dogs unkennelled—and after mutual questions whether any thing was forgotten, the whole party were in active campaign. Paul was the captain of the troop, and I was lieutenant, and we scoured the hills in a widely-extended line. For an hour or two all went on regularly, but as the third hour approached, and the enemy (the red legs) showed no disposition to flag or let themselves be approached, the resolution of some of our party began to ooze away—the amusement began to be questioned—the brandy-flask began to be put into requisition—our line began to assume a semi-circular shape—then a triangular one—and speedily after, the middle giving way, it was left with two badly supported wings. This was not the worst of it: the stragglers in the rear turning the matter into a joke, began to hoot and pelt the serious, and quiz and nick-name captain and lieutenant, and use all their arts to wheedle home with them the dogs. In the latter part they too often succeeded, for to some of those lazy rascals belonged the best dogs of the party. By nine or ten o'clock Paul and myself found ourselves entirely abandoned, and used to bestow many a hearty benediction on the cravens who preferred rabbit shooting in a warren near the chateau to the more manly sport we were pursuing.

When left thus to ourselves, we made for a small farmer's dwelling among the mountains to beg or buy a little wine and water to wash down the cold breakfast we took good care to store our bags with, to induce a couple of the farmer's lads to come with us with their dogs, and to assist us in driving from the hills the birds into the vallies and vineyards. After another sweltering chace of a couple of hours—more or less—we succeeded in fatiguing and marking down our quarry; then came half an hour of concentrated enjoyment, in the space of which we would cut down each three or four brace of red shanks, each as big as a young September pheasant. The work was now over for the day; we would procure water for our dogs (for Paul was a great friend of the brute creation), and indulging rather freely in cognac and water, not fearing any longer to see double, we lighted our cigars, and after a good stretch upon the grass (when we could find any), and getting one of the farmer lads to accompany us with a donkey, in the panniers of which we stowed away our guns and other shooting traps, we bent our steps backwards to the chateau.

Life by a Liner.

[For the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

THE PIRATE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

"My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed."

Good people all give ear,
While I rehearse a ditty;
Pump up an extra tear
Of unincumbered pity;
Draw forth each red bandanna
And have them ready shaken,
"The packet Susquehanna
Was by a Pirate taken!"

Don't dare to doubt the truth,
Two pilots saw her boarded,
And innocence and youth,
And mighty treasures hoarded
Within the gallant packet,
Have gone to fill the coffers
Of those lovers of a racket,
The bloody minded scoffers.

At evening just off Lewes,
They saw a sail pursue her;
And though he did not show his
Crimson flag unto her,
Yet they, with most discerning eye,
Knew by the vessel's motion,
That she was robbed and taken by
The blood-hounds of the ocean.

How dreadful was their fate!
How sorrowful their story!
The captain and the mate,
The youthful and the hoary—
The lovely maiden, and
The matron with her wrinkles,
All under hatches crammed—
Or food for perriwinkles.

Out went the little cutters,
Out went the brig of war,
The cat upon the gutters
Wrote *Pirate* with her paw;
Old maiden ladies wondered
When the ravishing began,
And every time it thundered,
Cried, "Hark! the pirate's gun."

A ship at night seen burning,
Just off the Point of Pines,
By a packet-ship returning,
With various other signs
Too numerous to write about,
Produced a swift express,
And editors sent hand bills out,
And added more or less.

The parson at the altar
Prayed for the captive ones,
Each hangman made a halter,
Each packet carried guns;
The pilots saw more clippers
Than e'er were seen before,
And pirates thick as skippers
In cheeses, lined our shore.

But though it spoils the story,
The truth must now be told,
The pirate red and gory—
The robber of the gold—
The ravisher too vile to damn,
The cutter of each throat
Turns out a *poor old fisherman*
In a HARMLESS OYSTER-BOAT!

Nov. 6, 1837. J. E. D.

Mr. BARTON has been playing some of Shakspeare's characters at New Orleans—King Lear among the rest. The following notice of him is from the True American of the 28th ult.:—

Mr. Barton is an exceedingly chaste actor. He makes use of no trick to gain applause, but proceeds on regularly with his role, agreeably to his conception of the author, and appears to be nerved alone by the sentiments he utters. With him there does not appear to be any seeking after *points*, but when one naturally occurs, he makes a good and discreet use of it. He is most to be admired for the correctness of his readings, and for his avoidance of anything like rant—although this latter would be more excusable in him than in another, not laboring under his physical defect. Let it not be thought that Mr. Barton could not, if he felt so inclined, "tear a passion into very tatters," but his strong sense and correct judgment prevent him ever "o'erstepping the modesty of nature."

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs. Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-t1J] J W OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—

First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.

On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.

Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

[n18-t1J] J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

HUNTING PARK, PHILADELPHIA COUNTY.

THE following Purses are to come off over the above Course, on the 3d Tuesday, 21st November.

First Day, at 12 o'clock, a Purse of $200, free for all, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.
Same Day, a Purse of $100, free for all horses that never trotted for money, Two mile heats, in Harness.
Second Day, at 12 o'clock, a Purse of $200, free for all, Two mile heats in Harness.
Same Day, a Purse of $100, free for all except the winners of the above purses; Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the Saddle.

Great sport is expected, as horses of the greatest renown are in training: Edwin Forrest, Daniel D. Tomkins, Beppo, and Andrew Jackson.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Philadelphia, Oct. 20, 1837. [n11] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Marganx.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co, Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqneror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names prodnce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

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DEALERS in American and English Crown Window Glass.
sr93t No. 3 Carondelet street New Orleans.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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